LADIES' JOURNAL

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TORONTO, MAY, 1884.

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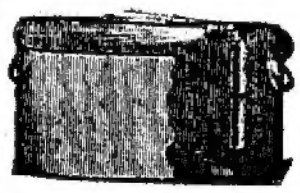

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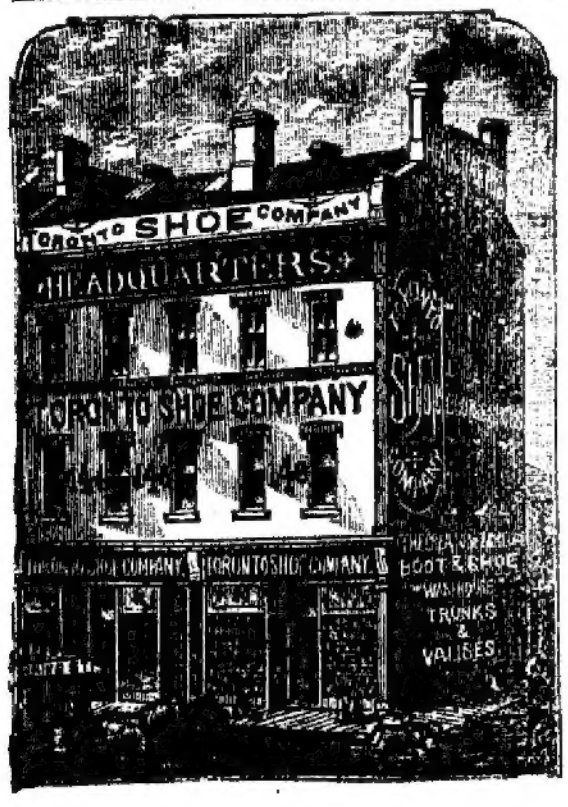

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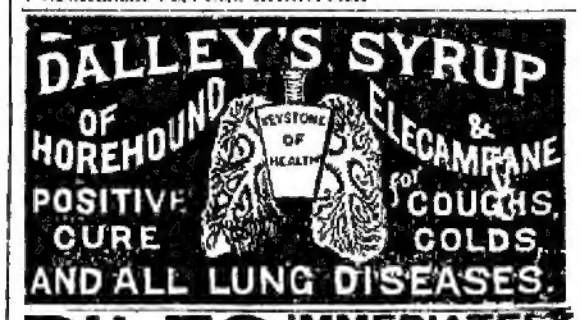

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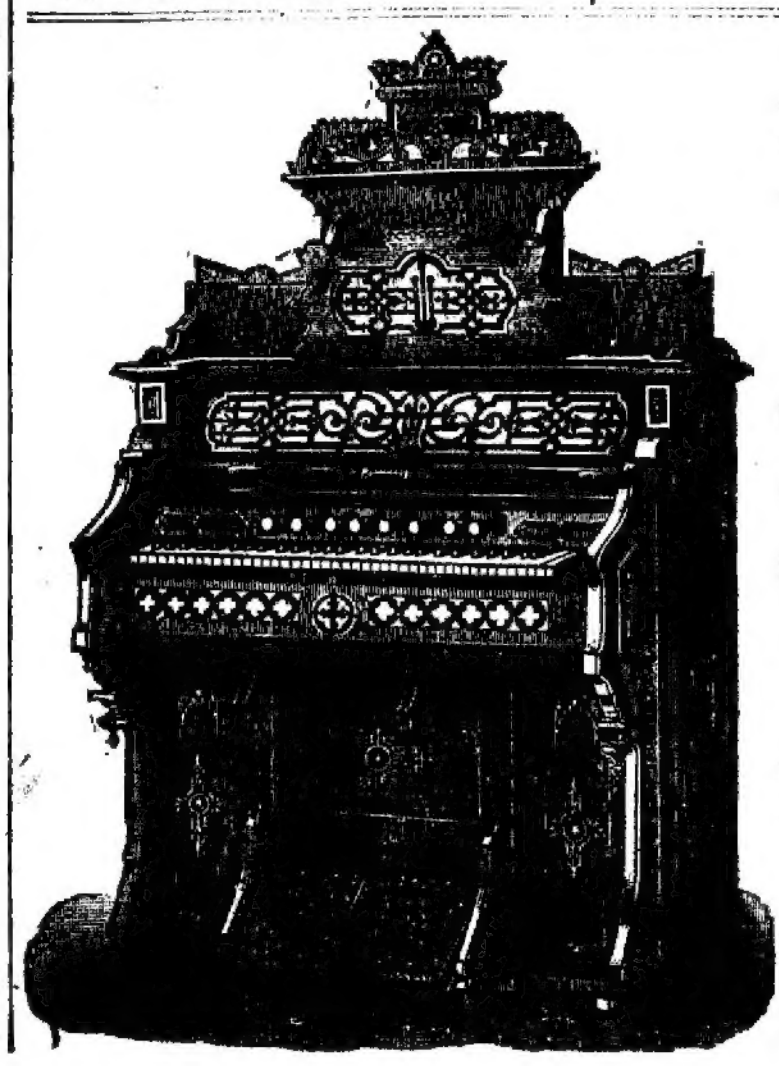

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THE LADIES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME III, No. 9. TORONTO, MAY, 1884. 50 CENTS per annum.

ILLUSTRATED DESIGNS.

The designs for the present month are seasonable, and show much dignity. The first is the "Iveline." This consists of a polonaise with a vest front, draped most gracefully over a skirt covered with plaiting in the form of flounces. The illustration shows a dress trimmed with Irish point embroidery, and having a vest of "all-over" embroidery, which is very effective; but any light summer fabric, silk, pongee, muslin, nun's-veiling or Chambery, will make up most charmingly in this design, and the trimmings may be white, black, or colored lace, needlework, or applied border, as preferred.

For a stylish dress we call attention to the "Rhona." This is easily made in the embroidered Chambery, blue, buff, pink and the like. It is a washing material with a linen finish, embroidered by an improved process with machinery of American manufacture, and is equal in effect to the hand work. The designs shows the different widths in which the embroidery is executed, the widest forming the drapery and flounce for the front, and the narrow width the flounce round the bottom of skirt, and the trimming which outlines a jacket upon the waist. These embroidered Chambereys solve the problem of a very pretty and effective yet nexpensive material, easily made, because the trimming is already prepared, and is as durable as the fabric itself.

The "Aberta" costume is one of the prettiest and most graceful of the season. It consists of a polonaise over a velvet or velveteen skirt; a polonaise very novel and graceful in style, with jacket fronts cut away from a full "Moliere" vest, which may be of silk or mull, in the same or contrasting color to the ground color of the polonaise. This may be of mulberry or olive silk in a coral, or fibrous pattern, upon a cream ground; or of two shades of blue or gray, in a scroll or leaf pattern; or it may be satine in a large floral figure; or chintz cotton prettily trimmed with Oriental, Spanish, or Mechlin lace. The Spanish laces are now made in colors by the Kursheedt Manufacturing Company, and many of the fashionable goods of the season can be matched in shades.

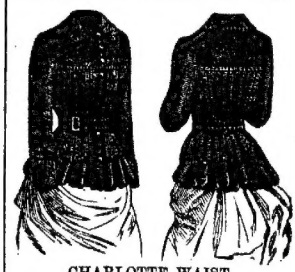
The "Matina" polonaise is stylish for satine, an oak and acorn pattern in shades of green and brown upon a cream ground. The square yoke is velvet, which also forms deep vest-fronts, a burnous plait at the back, and cuffs upon the sleeves; a plain velvet skirt would complete an elegant costume for the White Mountains. Of course it is not necessary to use velvet, velveteen is quite as well, if of good quality and color, for the mounting. With foulard or summer silk, plain silk or satin may be used; but the style adapts itself with greater elegance to firmer materials and the design carried out as illustrated, and made up in handsome satine and velveteen, will be found to combine style with economy, and is particularly recommended for mountain and seaside resorts.

Summer cloaks and wraps are a necessity for protection, if not for warmth; and the "Felicie" is well adopted both for a dust-cloak and also for a wrap where a little warmth is needed, It makes up well in brown and gray linen hairstriped or checked, in light summer serge or camel's hair lined with plain foulard, and also in louisine or hair-striped summer silk. It may be finished with plain silk or linen collars and cuffs, or with narrow standing plaiting, or ruches of silk or lace. The ribbon sash starts from the sides and ties in front. The "Dorita" visite and "Valverde" jacket represent the newest forms in these favorite outdoor garments. The "Dorita" is a very simple and graceful model, well adapted for Ottoman silk or satin, or almond and mulberry shades in cloth. The trimming consists of passementeries and pendent or beaded fringes. The "Valverde" jacket is cut away from a vest which may be solid, striped or embroidered. The jacket is a suitable pattern for a tailor-made suit, and if the whole is made in mulberry cloth, which is the most fashionable color, the vest may be of mulberry, with minute gold lines, put in with fine gold cord, in clusters of three or five.

SUMMER COSTUMES.

Fig. 1.—The "Aberta" costume, arranged with a short skirt of dark brown velveteen and a polonaise of satin-finished surah having a cream-colored ground with a printed floral pattern in two shades of brown. The polonaise is unique in design, having bouffant back drapery very gracefully looped, while the front describes a cut-away basque disclosing a Moliere vest falling over a draped apron. The drapery, basque, neck and sleeves, are trimmed with full rows of cream-colored Oriental lace, for which the brand known as "Kursheedt's Standard" is especially recommended. The vest is of plain brown surah, bows of satin-faced brown velvet ribbon ornament the sleeves, and a bunch of Jacqueminot roses is fastened just forward of the right shoulder. The hat is of ecru straw, trimmed with lace matching that in the polonaise, large bows and *rouleaux* of brown velvet ribbon, and a bunch of wild flowers. The inside of the brim has full frills of lace over a plain lining of brown velvet. Cream-colored gloves of undressed kid. Patterns of costume, thirty cents each size.

Fig. 2.—An exceptionally stylish costume made of French satine, a dark blue ground with bunches of cherries strewn over it. The entire costumes is made of the same material, the drapery on the front of the polonaise trimmed with Irish point embroidery which is carried up the front of the waist, outlining a vest of "all-over" embroidery to match. A full turn-over collar is made of the embroidery and finished at the right side by a bow made of red and blue velvet ribbons. A sash of red velvet ribbon is secured in the side seams and tied in front. The arrangement of the back drapery is simple but essentially graceful, and the design of the costume is especially well suited for washable fabrics. Hat of dark blue English straw, trimmed with red velvet ribbon secured with gilt buckles, and a cluster of dark blue tips. Jersey gloves of ecru silk embroidered with blue. Price of costume patterns, thirty cents each size.



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THE BEAUTIFUL LADY GLADYS.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"It was very kind of you to send them to me"—to Sir Vivian. "I like them very much indeed! I should never have given it to you if I had thought you were going to be so silly about it!"—crushingly to poor Charlie.

"Do you mean it?" he said earnestly. "Why do you say such cruel things to me? You do not know how they hurt."

Dollie relented when she saw that he was really wounded.

"I did not mean it," she said, with a little smile at him.

"I am coming to call on you to-morrow," remarked Sir Vivian, on the other side. "I want to ask you and your sister to to come to a skating-party on my lake next week, and if you will let me, I will call for you and take you down there in my sleigh."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Dollie delightedly. "How kind of you!"

"I don't see the kindness. It is really selfishness, I think. I only do it for my own pleasure. I should not enjoy it a bit if you were not there."

Dollie looked at him unbelievingly, and then there was a loud crash of music, and every one breathed a sigh of relief; the overture was over.

Dollie looked about her to see if she could discover any of her acquaintances of the night before. On the other side of Miss Maclaren she perceived her loquacious red-haired friend, who bowed and smiled at her vehemently. She was attired in a costume of sea-green silk, displaying liberally a scraggy neck red with cold.

Dollie shivered as she looked at her, and turned her eyes to a stout lady in front, who was clothed in a white ermine pelisse down to her feet, with large diamonds twinkling in her ears. Nearly in the first row she noticed a sleek black head, which she recognised as belonging to Captain North, who was bending an attentive ear to the discourse of the lady by his side, Lady Warvin.

"Miss Nelson will now sing 'In the Gloaming,'" announced the chairman of the proceedings, who was seated in an armchair on the stage.

Miss Nelson, a nervous young lady with pink eyes, which looked as if they had been weeping all day, stood for a little while in the doorway leading to the stage, and then came forward with a jerk and advanced to the foot-lights in a hesitating manner The accompanist struck up. Miss Nelson dropped her music, and it fluttered down upon the shrinking audience below. When the music was restored, the accompanist made a fresh start, and Miss Nelson began her song in a thin, shrill, trembling voice, which came to such a climax at the words "Oh, my darling!" that Charlie Murdoch declared to Dollie that the "Oh" went into him like a pin.

Subdued applause followed this song; and presently Miss Nelson ventured into the room, leaning on her brother's arm, and took her seat among the audience with graceful humility.

"Oh, my dear, how did you get through with it?" cried an enthusiastic lady in gray, catching hold of Miss Nelson's hand as she passed by. There being a vacant chair beside this earnest inquirer, she took it and presumably was gratified with the information which she required.

And now it was Bell's turn. Rising with deadly calmness, she gave one agonising look at Dollie, and followed by Sir Vivian, went swiftly out of the hall. There was an interval of five minutes between each piece, so Bell had a little time to regain her courage in the ante-room.

"Don't think of the people," said Sir Vivian kindly, seeing how nervous she was. "Only try to do justice to the music, and I am sure you will not fail to please every one."

Poor Bell, whose saucy gaiety had quite deserted her, could only tremble and say, "Thank you," in a meek voice. Sir Vivian smiled kindly at her, and, putting her trembling little fingers on his arm, led her up to the stage entrance.

"'Lose every hope ye that enter here,'" whispered Bell, feeling a hysterical desire to laugh loudly as she passed through the doorway.

"Nonsense! Be a good child, and don't think of anything but the music," said Sir Vivian.

Her appearance on the platform was greeted with loud applause. The golden-haired blue-eyed "belle" was known, at least by sight, to nearly everybody in the room. She made a pretty bit of color against the dark wall, framed on either side by the looped-back crimson curtains.

Pleased with her reception, Bell gave the audience a charming little bow and smile, which Frank Trevers, who was gazing with all his eyes at her pretty slender figure and fair face, took entirely to himself.

Then she sat down at the piano, and Sir Vivian unfolded the music, purposely lingering over his task that she might have time to recover herself. The piece she had chosen for the occasion was a showy one, "The Fairies' Flight," requiring a a good touch and execution. In the middle of a brilliant passage nervousness overcame her. She played the bar again and again, but not a note further could she proceed. Sir Vivian, with his eyes on the music, listened appalled.

Bell, a cold terror striking her heart, played the bar again, still in correct time, so that any one who did not know the piece might have thought that it was all right. Dollie shivered in her seat—she knew every bar, and saw that Bell was at fault.

"Ah," thought Bell, playing it again, "how everybody will laugh! I will get up in a minute, go home to bed, and not get up for a week. What shall I do? I wonder what Sir Vivian is thinking of me? How ashamed he will be of me!"

But at that moment, as if by magic, her fingers glided into the right air, and she scrambled through to the end, when a round of applause greeted her from her numerous admirers in the hall below.

"You have done very well," said Sir Vivian, as he led her out; and Bell felt herself repaid.

The ante-room was filled with a number of gentlemen, who immediately surrounded her, offering congratulations.

"You will have to go on again, Miss Vane," said a steward, as the clapping continued with unabated vigour. But Bell shook her head and declared that nothing would induce her to play again; so, after bowing in acknowledgment of the applause which the audience were so generously bestowing on her, Bell disappeared from the platform, never again to perform in public.

As Sir Vivian led her back to her place by Travers, she thought how kind he had been to her, how anxious that she should do her best, and wondered if it were unmaidenly to love him as she did, knowing how true and good he was. Bell was no exception to the rule. She had given her heart away unasked, and was reaping her reward,

The concert dogged on wearily. Various young men and women played and sang, more or less feebly, to the flirting, love-making, gossiping audience, which had given up all pretence at listening.

Frank Travers had timidly suggested to Bell that she was the one woman in the world for him, of which mistaken idea she was, with unusual tenderness, trying to disabuse him. Sir Vivian, on her other side, was making up his mind that he would spare neither trouble nor time to make Dollie his wife who, well amused, between him and Charlie Murdoch, was enjoying herself very much.

Towards the close of the evening, Lady Warvin sang "*Che faro.*" She had a rich contralto voice, and, with hands crossed listlessly and dark liquid eyes dreamily gazing before her, she sang as if her whole soul were in the sad lover's lament. The audience listened breathlessly to the wailing melody; and when the last sobbing tones had died away, there was unbroken silence.

She stood for a moment in an attitude of careless, listless grace, her dark-lashed white eyelids drooping, and then turned to depart. As if she had broken the spell thunders of applause burst forth, genuine and impartial, a public tribute to genius. She sang to them again, "Robin Adair," with pathetic sadness in every note.

"'But now thou art cold to me,
Robin Adair!
What have I done to thee,
Robin Adair?
Yet in my heart shall dwell
He whom I love so well—
Robin Adair!'"

When the song was concluded, she raised her eyes and looked straight over the heads of the people to Sir Vivian, who had been listening attentively to the sad beautiful voice. He smiled back at her; and then her face grew softly happy, and she turned away—her object accomplished. The man she loved had forgiven her.

CHAPTER III.

The snow lay thick and deep on the day of the skating-party, deep on the roofs and chimneys, deep in the roads, bending down the branches of the trees with its weight. The sun looked out of the thick misty sky for about two hours, and then returned behind its brown covering.

True to his promise, Vivian drove up to Miss Maclaren's house early in the afternoon, and, entering the warm, cosy drawing-room, was regaled with tea by his hostess while he waited for the girls to come down.

Miss Maclaren was very affable, and bemoaned her neuralgia, which prevented her from going to look on at the skating. She had seen a good deal of Sir Vivian lately. Almost every day he had been to her house on one excuse or another, either alone or accompanied by Frank Travers or Charlie Murdoch; and she guessed pretty well what was the attraction to each of these frequenters of her house. Of the three, Sir Vivian was of course the best match for either of her charges; but Frank Travers too was comfortably off and well able to keep a wife, besides being a kind, good-hearted fellow. On the whole, Miss Maclaren was well satisfied with the aspect of affairs; so she conversed pleasantly with Sir Vivian, and gave him some fragrant tea in her favorite tea-service of thin, delicate Sevres, which was only brought out on special occasions.

Presently the girls entered, eager to be off at once. The sisters were attired alike in black and red tightly-fitting dresses, with little red silk muffs and large soft black fur capes—the gift of their aunt—whilst a small red silk toque surmounted each smiling face. Very trim and pretty they looked; and Miss Maclaren felt proud of her two nieces. They were rather late; so, saying "Good-by" to her, they went out at once to the sleigh which was waiting for them. Punch and Judy—the ponies—were tossing their black heads and jingling their silver bells, as they pawed the snow impatiently before the door; and the smart little groom at their heads had some trouble in keeping them still.

"What pretty little ponies!" cried Dollie, when they were all three safely tucked in and half smothered with rugs, "You must be very happy, Sir Vivian, I should think, to have such dear little things belonging to you!"

"Oh, Dollie!" said Bell half-shocked, half-amused.

Sir Vivian smilled at the little rosy face so close to him, and said, to himself—

"If you belonged to me, I should be happy." Then aloud—"Do you think being rich and having nice things makes one happy, Miss Dollie?"

"I think it makes one happier; of course it does. We should not be enjoying ourselves half so much if we were walking in the snow to go and slide on a pond."

"Can you slide?" asked Sir Vivian, laughing.

Dollie thought it beneath her dignity to acknowledge such a humiliating fact, so she pretended not to hear. Then they began to plan future gaieties and discuss those that were past; and merry grlish laughter rang out with the jingling silver bells as they glided swiftly over the snow behind the spirited little ponies.

They drove along country lanes and roads, on either side of which fields extended dazzingly white, while before them rose distant hills outlined against the misty brown sky. There was not a sound of life in the hedgerows, save that here and there a redbreast twittered on the leafless branches. They passed troops of merry rosy children sliding on the frozen ponds in a way that made Dollie regret her despised pastime. Then they dashed through Edgbaston, the village of which Sir Vivian was Squire, the jingling bells drawing the villagers to their doors and affording picturesque glimpses of red fires, crimsoning the snow outside, the little children clinging to their mother's apron and hiding shy little faces in her dress.

At the end of the long straggling street was a great stone archway covered with ivy, the massive iron gates of which were thrown open by the lodge-keeper as Sir Vivian passed through. Dollie began to feel rather afraid of him. He seemed so very grand and important, with all the village people doffing their hats or courtseying to him, and such great gates to guard his house; she thought of the little wooden gate at home, which would never unlatch without such violent efforts.

Presently Sir Vivian turned the ponies down a narrow road, which led over a hill towards the lake, of which they now and then caught glimpses through the trees, and heard snatches of music from the band. A sudden turn gave them a full view of the lake, with its expanse of ice, and the white hills sloping down to it. There was a woody island at one end and a boathouse at the other, with stone steps leading down to the water. A large shed was erected on the ice, and another on the bank. People were darting about here and there, or standing in merry laughing groups. Girls muffled up in furs, with cheeks rosy and eyes sparkling with exercise, skimmed about gracefully. Here was a pretty girl flying along in a sleigh propelled by two gentlemen; there was another clutching a walking-stick desperately and inflicting summary punishment with it on whosoever came in her way. Here was a gentleman in knickerbockers, visibly calm, but inwardly perturbed making his way cautiously through the crowd, carefully avoiding the appealing glances of his lady acquaintances.

"The curate is down!" cried Dollie, with a peal of laughter." Look, Bell, between those girls!"

Down he certainly was, with his legs stretched out in front of him and the tails of his long coat spread neatly out behind, watching, with a sickly smile on his face, his tall hat as it rolled merrily off in the wind to the other end of the lake. A pretty romp, with long golden hair flying far behind her was, holding on with all her might to the belt of a boy's ulster—the last of a string of juvenile lovers who were pulling her round the lake. On the bank stood her governess, uttering feeble remonstrances as her refractory charge shot by, screaming with laughter.

The sleigh stopped before the steps, near which stood Lady Camperdown, Sir Vivian's sister, receiving his guests. He introduced his two charges to her, and they stood chatting together for a few minutes. She resembled her brother, was rather haughty and aristocratic-looking, with dark hair and clear white complexion, which was set off by a purple velvet dress trimmed with chinchilla.

After a while, Mr. Travers came up, and taking possession of Bell, carried her off to have her skates put on in the shed, which was filled with people drinking tea and listening to the band.

"What are you going to do with Miss Vane, Vivian?" inquired Lady Camperdown, looking kindly at Dollie. "Perhaps she would like to go and skate too."

"Would you?" asked Sir Vivian. "Or would you rather walk round the lake first and look at the people?"

Dollie had never skated before, so she elected to walk round the lake. Sir Vivian gave her some tea; and then they started for their walk, many curious, and some envious glances following the girl to whom Sir Vivian was showing such marked attention.

Dollie was however, unconscious of the interest she was exciting, and chattered on gaily, giving her companion an account of her quiet life in the cottage.

"Do you live here all alone?" she inquired, glancing up curiously at the great white house which overlooked the lake.

"Yes, Miss Dollie, I do; and it is very lonely indeed sometimes," replied the Baronet.

"Does not your sister live with you?"

"No! she resides in the town not very far off; she often comes to see me; but is married now, and has other things to demand her care besides me."

"You ought to be able to take care of yourself by this time. Oh, how delightful that looks!"—as they stopped to watch a line of girls and men who had joined hands and were skating before the wind without, as it appeared, any effort of their own. "I think even I could skate like that," observed Dollie, artfully trying to insinuate her ignorance of skating. "It will be more difficult coming back, though."

They had reached the island now. A board was nailed on to one of the trees, and on it in large letters was the word "Dangerous!" while on the bank where they were walking lay a ladder and a boat. Dollie surveyed these with rather an awe-struck look.

"Why is the ice dangerous round here?"

"It had to be broken for the horses to get at the water; and besides, there is a spring somewhere near the island which makes the ice rotten. I will have a bonfire lighted here this evening to warn people off. You need not be afraid, Miss Dollie! I shall take care of you"—with a passionate loving look which she did not see.

She was sitting on one side of the boat, with her hands in her muff, watching the skaters.

"Can you see Bell anywhere?"

"There she is, near the shed with Travers"—as Bell and Frank Travers, hand in hand, shot out of the crowd which had congregated round the shed and skated off.

"How well Bell skates!" remarked Dollie, with candid appreciation. "Do you know that I never tried in my life?"—very much ashamed of herself.

"Then there is no time to lose," said Sir Vivian, smiling at her blushing face. "We will begin at once; I will teach you."

Dollie thanked him, and, kneeling down he carefully fixed the skates on to the soles of her tiny fur-tipped Hessian boots.

"I am afraid you will be rather ashamed to be seen with me!" remarked Dollie humbly. "I shall be a disgrace to you and to myself."

"I don't wish for anything better than to be with you anywhere or anyhow."

Dollie blushed again, and was silent. What did he mean?

He glanced up to see the effect of his words, and, catching her rather uneasy look, decided that he had frightened her, and determined to put a strong curb on his words and feelings for the present—a wise resolution which, alas, he did not keep!

Both pairs of skates put on, he helped her on to the ice, and, taking the little hands in his own strong ones, set himself to his task with such good will that, after about three hours' patient unwearied teaching, Dollie had made considerable progress, and was able to go a few yards unaided.

"Now"—triumphantly—"you can go alone!"

"Oh, no, I cannot!" said Dollie timorously.

"Oh, yes, you can!" he returned, with firm conviction. "I will go backwards in front of you, so that you will not be able to fall."

"I dare not," said Dollie plaintively, taking a firmer hold of him. "It is very unkind of you to want me to do so; you know I shall only fall."

"But you cannot; and you want to be able to skate alone, don't you?"

"Oh, very well then!"—with dignity. "If I am killed, it will be all your fault."

Sir Vivian laughed, and releasing himself from her grasp, went a few steps backwards in front of her, while Dollie stood still, her feet in the first position.

"Now, Miss Dollie, strike out with the right foot first, and lean your whole weight upon it."

That feat successfully accomplished, she paused.

"The other one won't go on at all"—despairingly.

"It is weaker than the right ankle, I suspect; swing yourself well on to it."

Dollie followed his advice and swung herself with all her might on to the refractory foot and precipitated herself into Sir Vivian's arms, which closed round her at once. What was that which touched her face so softly? Dollie shook herself free, with a deep blush of anger dyeing her cheeks. Had he kissed her? She could not tell. Suppose she were to accuse him and he had not done so!

"I told you how it would be"—breathlessly. "Perhaps you will believe me when I tell you anything another time."

They looked at each other for a moment. Dollie's dark-blue eyes were sparkling angrily, her red lips quivering, and her cheeks carmine with anger. He gazed at her remorsefully. Where had his good resolutions gone? What could he say to her? Dollie's eyes fell, and she turned away silently. A happy thought struck him; she had not said anything about that kiss, neither would he; perhaps she had not felt it.

"Don't be angry, Miss Dollie"—coming round to her side; "it was all my fault. I ought to have known that you would not be able to do it."

No answer came from Dollie.

"You did not fall, Miss Dollie, I am awfully sorry to have made you angry. Perhaps I had better go away for a while," he continued meekly.

Dollie, too proud to detain him, said nothing; and Sir Vivian departed. They had been practising in a quiet part of the lake, having been hidden from the others by a projecting bank. Dollie, left to herself, walked cautiously to the bank, where she sat down, looking a very forlorn little damsel indeed, trying vainly to undo her skates. It was getting dark; the moon was shining coldly down on the trees, which were waving ghostly branches in the wind. The band had stopped, and, but for some jingling sleigh-bells and the faint whirr of skates, Dollie might have thought herself alone on the great cold lake.

"How I wish I were at home!" she thought dismally. "I shall never be able to find Bell in the dark. I wish I had never come. I don't think I ought to have been so angry with Sir Vivian. How do I know if he did kiss me?" and she blushed at the idea.

"Miss Dollie"—he had returned noiselessly on his skates, and she had been so engrossed with her straps that she had not perceived him—"why are you taking off your skates?"

"I am going home"—shortly.

It was lucky Dollie did not look up, for she would certainly have surprised a smile on Sir Vivian's face.

"Let me help you"—sitting down beside her and taking possession of one of the busy little hands. "Are you angry still?"

"Yes"—struggling to release herself. "Why did you frighten me so? I thought you had left me all alone in the dark."

"Did you wish me to stay?"—bending down to get a nearer view of the angry little face. "Did you, Dollie?"

She was silent; her hands were lying passively in his now. How dark it was, and what a dreary noise the wind was making in the trees?

"I want him to stay," she said to herself; "but, rather than tell him, I will sit here all night."

"Tell me, dear," he pleaded tenderly. "Will you stay with me always?"

"How awful this is!" she thought. "What shall I say? Oh, here is some one!" and she breathed a deep sigh of thankfulness as Captain North came up to them.

"Hallo, Bramhall! I have been looking for you everywhere. I could not think what had become of you. How do you do, Miss Vance?"

Dollie gave him her hand and smiled happily at him; she was so glad he had come up just then.

"When did you come?"

"I came with Lady Gladys about an hour ago. Will you take a turn with me?"

"If you like."

They skated off together; and Sir Vivian, inwardly fuming at the interruption, went down to the shed to do his duty by his guests.

"How glad she seemed to go away with North!" he thought jealously. "She always seems to like being with him;" and remembrances of the many times he had found North and his little love conversing happily together flashed across his mind. Of course he stood no chance against him with a young girl like that.

Wrapt in these dismal reflections, he skated up to the shed, which was more crowded than ever. After talking to a number of his friends, he turned round, intending to get a cup of tea for himself. He was looking about him rather gloomily, when a low voice behind him said gently—

"Will you kindly get me a cup of tea, Sir Vivian? I am so cold!"

Turning round with a start, he beheld Lady Warvin's fair face. She was looking up at him with pathetic entreaty from under her wide-brimmed black bever hat. She looked lovely in her costly black sables and velvet dress.

"With pleasure, Lady Warvin," he replied courteously. "You had better sit down and have this," he added, handing her the cup he had intended for himself.

Her lips quivered piteously as she took the seat he placed for her, and, as he was moving away, she laid a detaining hand upon his arm, saying humbly—

"Need you go away? I want to talk to you for a little."

"I should not have thought that you could have anything more to say to me after our last pleasant interview about three years ago," he answered, rather reluctantly sitting down beside her; and yet she was one of the beauties of the day. She looked at him reproachfully.

"How cruel you are! Will you never forgive me? It was as much for your sake as my own that I broke off our engagement. I did not wish to be a burden to you and drag you down into poverty."

"That is the usual excuse; but surely you might have thought of that before you consented to be my wife! It did not seem to strike you until Sir Robert appeared on the scene."

Hard words these; but he had suffered so cruelly in days gone by for the love of her fair false face. He was free now; her beauty would never again have power to move him.

"You are revenged, at all events"—rather bitterly. "My life has not been so very happy since we parted."

His anger melted as he looked at her beautiful face.

"Forgive me," he said gently. "Do not let us speak of it again. You were right not to marry me when you found that you did not care for me."

Lady Warvin was silent. Not care for him! Ah, had she not always, did she not now, love him more than herself, more than words could tell?

"You have consoled yourself at last," she said, with a scornful smile. "Who is that pretty little girl with whom you have been all this afternoon?"

"Miss Vane"—laconically; "the same young lady concerning whom you were pleased to make a remark at the Assembly Ball, which she overheard, as you doubtless intended her to do."

The rose in her dusky cheeks deepened with shame at his rebuke.

"You had just cut me"—with a soft glance from her velvety eyes; "you taught me yourself to be revengeful. I should like to be her friend now if she will have me, as a token that you forgive the past."

"She admires you immensely, I know. If you like, I will ask her if she would like to be introduced to you; but you will hardly be surprised if she is offended by your words that night."

The beauty's proud heart swelled. Had she come so low as this, that a little chit of a girl should not wish to know her? But she did not reply—not daring to run the risk of offending him again. Then they began to talk of other things, and the time slipped away pleasantly, as Sir Vivian could not help acknowledging to himself, while he sat near her, listening to her low musical voice, though all the time he kept a strict watch for Dollie's reappearance.

"Why can't he let her alone?" he thought jealously. "What a flirt that fellow is! He would rather make love to a broom stick than no one."

At this point in his meditations, Bell came up with Charlie Murdoch, who looked very depressed and gloomy—quite different from his usual jolly, merry self.

"Have you seen my sister, Sir Vivian?" asked Bell after shaking hands with Lady Warvin. "We ought to be going home. It is getting late."

"I have not seen her for a long time"—unconsciously emphasising the "long" in a way which made both Bell and Lady Warvin wince. "She went off to skate with Captain North. I have not seen her since."

"I saw her near the bonfire about ten minutes ago," said Charlie Murdoch, speaking for the first time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

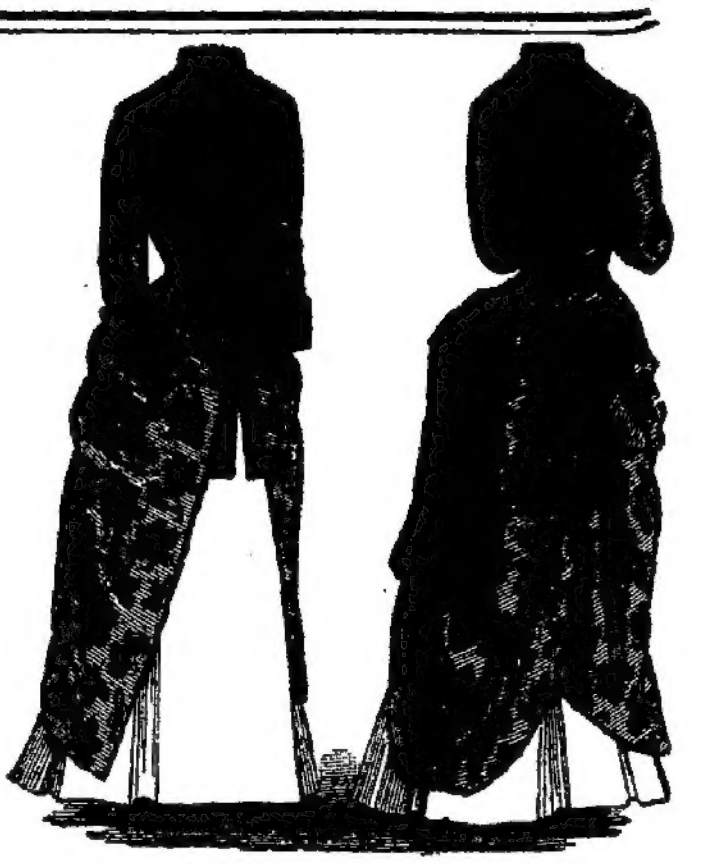
To write on metals take half a pound of nitric acid and one ounce of muriatic acid. Mix and shake well together and it is ready for use. Cover the plate you wish to mark with melted beeswax; when cold write your inscription plainly in the wax clear to the metal with a sharp instrument. Then apply the mixed acids with a feather, carefully filling each letter. Let it remain from one to ten hours, according to the appearance desired; throw on water, which stops the process, and remove the wax.

DORITA VISITE.

Short wraps are made in this manner of all varieties of woollen textures, as well as of Ottoman silk, surah, cashmere, etc.. and are made either to match the costume or to wear independently with all seasonable dress goods. Trimmed with chenille fringe, passementerie, or the "Kursheedt Standard" Spanish or Chantilly laces, this is a dressy design, suitable for all occasions. The fronts are in sacque shape and partly fitted by a siugle dart in each, and closed by handsome ornaments. The back is considerable shorter than the front, and is fitted by a seam down the middle. The sleeves are cut as extensions on the back pieces, and are slightly full at the shoulders and fit gracefully over the arms. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large, price twenty-five cents each.

VIRGINIA COSTUME.

The simplicity of this design, and its adaptability to any material that may be selected for children's wear, make it a popular model for all seasons of the year. The skirt is trimmed with two gathered flounces headed by a puff, and the plaited body is attached to a yoke. The drapery of the polonaise is the most graceful and appropriate that could be devised for a child, as it is stylish and dressy, yet thoroughly simple. For light summer fabrics, such as batistes, linens, cambrics, buntings, nainsooks, etc., the yoke can be made of "Kursheedt's Standard" lace, shirred tuckings, lace tuckings, cluster tuckings, or "all-over" embroidery, and for woollen goods velvet can be substituted with the most satisfactory results. Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

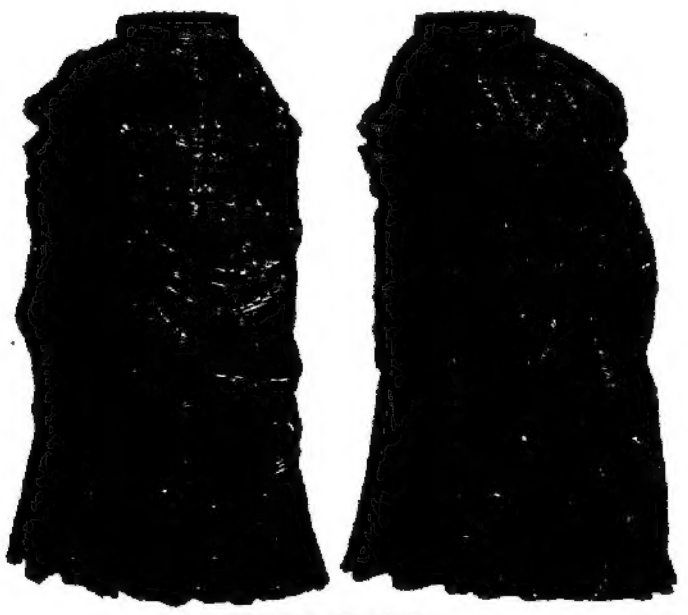


MATINA POLONAISE.

This polonaise has much to commend it, both for beauty of effect and simplicity of design. It is tight-fitting, and is faced with a yoke of velvet which is becoming and dressy in combination with many varieties of materials, although it can be dispensed with. Below the waist line in front a short vest piece of velvet gives a quaint and stylish appearance. A large burnous plait at the back which is faced with velvet imparts a graceful effect that will be much admired. The design is appropriate for all classes of dress materials, and is especially desirable for buntings, nun's veilings, and different light fabrics, also for washable goods, as "all-over" embroidery may be substituted for the velvet in the yoke and vest. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

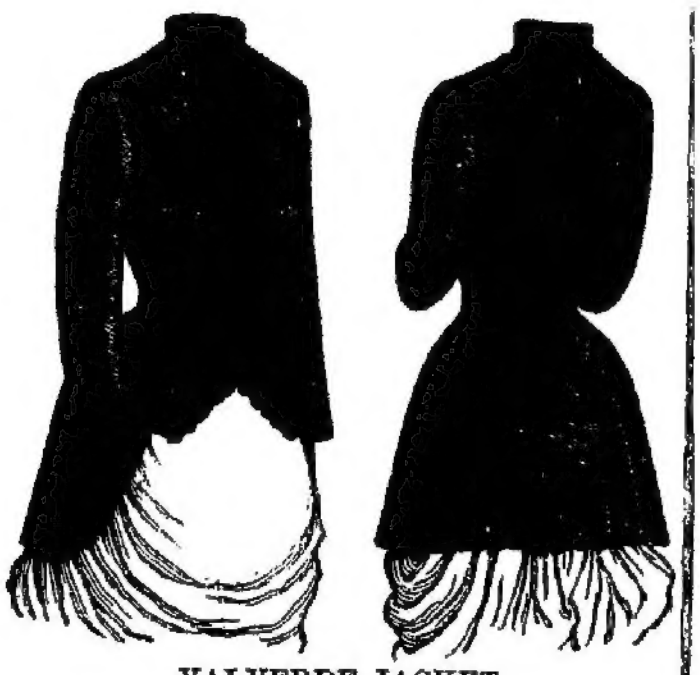
RHONA COSTUME.

While appropriate for all classes of dress materials, except the heaviest, this design is more especially suited for making up "Kursheedt's Standard" embroided robes of Chambery, gingham, pongee, etc , which are offered this season in new and desirable patterns. The arrangement is very stylish and, while elaborate in effect, is not difficult to accomplish. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



AFFIE SHIRT.

The fullness at the top of the front drapery makes this an especially becoming design for slender figures. The back drapery is irregularly arranged, falling square at the left and in a deep point at the right, and the foundation skirt is laid in very broad kilt plaits attached to a yoke. The design is suitable for almost any class of dress materials, including washable fabrics, and any kind of trimming may be used that is appropriate for the goods. Patterns in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price twenty-five cents each.



VALVERDE JACKET.

The arrangement of this jacket is stylish and jaunty. It opens in front over a cut-away vest, which is tight-fitting, and the outer fronts are cut with a single dart in each ; adjoining the fronts are side gores, and the side forms with seam down the middle of the back, complete the fitting in a very handsome manner. Varieties of cloths and suit goods make up handsomely after this design, and the finish may be of machine stitching or any of the varieties of mohair or silk braids, according to individual fancy. The vest may be either of the same or a contrasting material. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No. 1.—A dainty little bonnet of Havana brown Milan braid, the rim edged with brown velvet, and a lovely wreath of buttercups arranged across the front and sides. A pompon of brown tips sustaining a small aigrette is placed near the front, and strings of Ottoman ribbon, of the shade of brown before mentioned, are tied in a large bow underneath the chin

No. 2.—This becoming hat is a fine straw with a Scotch mixture of coloring showing green and grey. The crown is high and square, and the brim is moderately projecting but caught up coquettishly at the side. The velvet ribbon that encircles the crown is in the *vert-de-gris* shade with both gray and green combined. A gold buckle secures the velvet straps as they overlap in front, while three curling ostrich tips, with a mingling of the colors specified, fall artistically over the side and crown.

No. 3.—A suspicion of the poke is perceptible in this picturesque hat of white satin straw, which the young may assume with the utmost propriety. Rich ruby velvet combined with Oriental lace and a bunch of pink azaleas constitute the trimmings which add to its attractiveness. The facing is ruby velvet, with rows of Oriental lace placed over it, and this lovely color is effectively displayed at the back where the brim turns up. A bow of the velvet set against a full jabot of the lace makes the front of this hat strikingly pretty.

No. 4.—A capote of pearl gray Belgian satin braid. The brim is edged with velvet of the same color, while the front is ornamented with a pompon of ostrich tips in varying pearl tones, supporting a red aigrette. Satin-lined Ottoman ribbon of pearl-gray is arranged plainly at the back and finishes in a full bow tied at the eft side.

No. 5.—This is an extremely stylish shape for a young lady. It is a white Milan braid faced with black velvet. The trimming consists of a twist of black velvet ribbon around the crown, while a handsome bow of black velvet ribbon is placed at the right side, and on the left is a full *monture* of white clover blossoms extending across the front with an aigrette in the centre.

Stylish hats and bonnets are furnished through our Purchasing Agency for from $8 upward, according to the materials. In sending an order, it is always best to state complexion, color and eyes, the purposes for which the hat is to be used, and any preference in regard to color, etc.

FELICIE REDINGOTE

A graceful garment that will be found comfortable and serviceable for travelling, and equally suitable for walking, riding, or shopping. Cheviot, tweed or pongee is generally selected for wraps of this kind, the one illustrated being of checked Cheviot showing the Venetian commingling of colors, olive and dark red being especially noticeable. It is cut in sacque shape full back and front, shirred at the waist in the back, drawn in by gathers below the waist line in front and confined by a sash, and fitted by side gores under the arms. The fullness at the neck is gathered under a turned-down collar. The opening at the back is faced with changeable satin surah, olive and red. A ribbon to match is tied in a bow over the fullness in front. The collar and cuffs are of olive velvet. All sorts of plain cloths, or those showing an artistic blending of colors, look very stylish made in this way, with velvet collar and cuffs and facings and sash of silk or satin. The skirt in the illustration is of surah matching the facings to the redingote, and bordered with four over-lapping, box-plaited ruffles. Hat of black chip, faced with black velvet and trimmed with a cluster of poppies arranged against a rosette of black Spanish lace. *Suede* Musquetaire gloves of a light tan color. Price of redingote patterns, thirty cents each size.

FASHION NOTES.

Plush Pelerines are in high favor.

High, flat crowns are most in favor.

Polonaises are a feature in spring styles.

Surplices and Greek waists are much worn.

Mantles grow longer, wider, and more elaborate.

Balayeuses are no longer worn under trained skirts.

Lengthwise tucks are seen on late imported costumes.

Light draped d'ete comes up among other spring dress fabrics.

Mantles are of larger size, and frequently of two materials.

Capotes and round hats divide the run of fashionable favor.

Gray French cashmere is immensely popular for spring suits.

Diversity is the most marked feature in fashions this spring.

The long redingote bids fair to be the pobular early spring wrap.

Embroidered and brocaded taffeta glace silks will be much worn.

Ottomans play an important part in young girl's spring dresses.

Flower ruches are pretty decorations of high-necked evening toilets.

Slippers, gaiters, boots, and shoes of all kinds are still pointed at the toe.

The newest jerseys are fitted to the figure with darts, side and back seams.

New cotton prints for dresses show the fine India silk designs of last year.

Demi-trained dresses are again in favor for house, dinner, and evening toilet.

The spring wraps most in vogue are mantle visites, pelerines, redingotes, and jackets.

Rose-color and silver-gray are the colors most worn in combination of Parisians at present.

Basques continue to be made with points in front, short curved sides, and full postilion backs.

Silk stockings, black or the color of the dress, are worn with shoes and slippers having large rosettes.

Embroideries, Valenciennes, and Oriental laces form the trimmings of new white muslin and veiling dresses.

Checked percales and satcens reproduce the colors and combinations of Scotch ginghams and Madras zephyrs.

Basques are cut at the bottom into various eccentric points and curves, but the backs are invariably postilions.

Corsages are cut with points and without points, with long waistcoats and short waistcoats, gathered, plain, and plaited.

Corsages of black satin covered with long jet bugles are worn in Paris, making the wearers look as if cased in black diamonds.

The Romilly mantelet is very unique, cut with snug fronts, each of which is caught at the bottom, forming a point tied with a knot of ribbon. The back is fitted with a curved seam down the middle finished with a short plaited position. A variety of other mantelets, each equally novel and graceful, assume shapes cut with long tabs in front, and dolman sleeves, open mantilla sleeves, and long plaited tabs. Added to these wraps are coquettish little capes, fichus, pelerines with hoods, all adapted for the demi-saison, and when summer days are long.

The jaunty little peplums, paletots, and pelerines which are revived for spring ware, are made of the richest black velvet brocade, jetted grenadine, embossed satin, gauze velours, and Escurial net, trimmed with drooping chenille fringes, ide black laces of the costliest description nd jet applique bands in novel designs, some of which cost $35 a yard. Jetted grenadines are shown for the body of the wrap, at the cost of $30 a yard. Many of the wraps have a sloping vest front made of jet pendants mingled with jabots of wide lace. The long peplum fronts, and the pointed ends of the short back are pointed to correspond.

Among the new decorations for caps and millinery in general are gauze and velvet butterflies carefully copied from nature, representing the most gorgeously colored speciamens, as well as the common yellow ones. There are also dragonflies made of some transparent substance that resembles mother-of-pearl. The brilliant colors of these insects are closely imitated, as are various other specimens, and at a glance along the line one might easily imagine that some naturalist's collection had been rifled, so exact are the representations. These insects are worn in the hair and produce a very glittering and pretty effect under the gaslight.

FLIRTING IN NEW YORK.

It is very difficult to judge of a woman's station in life from appearance on the street, says a New York correspondent, I presume this is the reason why it is often asserted out of town that New York ladies are confirmed flirts. The fact is that in no city of America is there so little street-flirting by ladies as in New York. Brooklyn is notorious for its flirting women. It is considered quite the correct thing, or, more properly, it is not considered incorrect for a girl to have an occasional flirtation in the street there, but in New York it is frowned down severely. There is no doubt that in Brooklyn, and many smaller towns of similar characteristics, women and girls who are bored by loneliness and the absence of any sort of excitement occasionally, and "just for the lark of the thing," indulge in a quiet street flirtation. There are many cases where women of unexceptionable character are led to the thing more through excitement than viciousness or an absence of moral stamina. But in New York such a thing is unknown. It may be asserted, without a particle of doubt, that a lady here never flirts—in the street. I don't know exactly who is responsible for this. Perhaps it is that the most picturesque and attractive men to be found in New York streets are bunko men, card sharks, adventurers, and dissipated club men, who live without visible means of support. There is a vast class of these fashionable men who spend most of their time on the public highways and devote as much of their attention as they can spare from the arduous toils of business to the women who walk abroad. It does not take a New York girl long to find out that men of this class are dangerous. She is never sure who the man is whom she brushes against in the crowd. He may be a bank burglar or a Wall street broker. She is liable to find out if she pursues investigations a little further, but she is always afraid to take the risk, and therein is the safeguard.

It will be observed that I do not give New York women credit for having a higher moral standard than women of any other city in the country. Such an assumption would be grotesque, for ladies here are no better off morally than anywhere else in the country. But their street manners are certainly vastly superior to those of the ladies of other cities that I have ever visited. This may be because they know the danger they run and are proportionately careful, or it may be on account of the firm conviction that street flirting is low and in execrable taste. When I speak of ladies in connection with this subject I mean a lady in the highest sense of the term. There are unquestionably lots of women who indulge in Broadway flirtations. When one traces them up, however, they are always found to belong to a very-low social strata.

WOMEN'S POWER.

From his cradle to his grave man relies for his happiness upon the love of woman, says a southern writer. His light, his joy, his very life, depend blindly and trustingly upon the mother-love that nurses his infant years, tends his childhood, trains his youth, and rejoices in his manhood. Infinitely holy, utterly self-sacrificing, pure, noble, and beautiful is the "maternal instinct"—and, knowing the heights of it, proving its strength, seeing its abnegation of self, men call it divine—and so realize the love of God unto all humanity. Yet, even from this fount of exquisite tenderness, they turn their steps to a love more alluring, more entrancing, more absorbing; they leave all and cling to their wives, possessing in them everything. Wonderful and peculiar is this great mingling of human hearts, of organisms irresistibly attracted, of souls that feel with and for each other, of two brains forming one mind, of two lives and loves from which spring other lives and yet another love—parental affection.

This is true marriage, and in this state woman is most lovely. Standing on an equality with her husband, she is adviser and assistant—the sharer of his happiness and his troubles, his helpmeet, his comfort, his joy.

That there are marriages far different from this is true, most unhappily; but even here woman shows her power—for evil if she chooses to curse, for good if she desires to bless and ennoble the life thus brought beneath her personal influence. A great poet says that

As the husband is the wife is; thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

This is entirely fallacious. It will always be the strongest that leads, whether their strength be of an intellectual or moral force, and a woman of mind, of refinement, of honorable nature, of ideality, could not fail to modify and even correct the materiality that may exist in her husband's thoughts, feeling, or action, as his very coarseness would serve to lessen his power. A wife need not sink to the level of the "clown" to whom she is "mated." She can raise him, perhaps slowly, but still surely, to her own standard. Let her first touch his heart—through pity, through shame, or even through his mere passions, but once possess power over that and it will not be difficult to influence the brain. If the soul can be made to respond to beautiful and refining agencies, the battle is won. It may take a lifetime, but a woman can afford to spend even a lifetime in such ennobling endeavor.

A man finds his warmest, his most tender, his most unselfish friend in a woman. Possessing no interests that clash with his, she believes in him thoroughly and hopefully, and her great faith in his powers encourage him to act up to her standard of belief. She makes him feel that she truly likes him. Her affection is frank and free, and he appreciates her sympathetic interest, her cheerful looks, her many little womanly ways that make all her surroundings in harmony with herself. If weary, her sensible, quiet talk rests him; if discouraged, she finds a thousand ways to cheer him; if too elate, her sound common sense gives him the needed balance. The lamp of friendship burns clear and bright between man and woman—lit by an emotion springing from the best impulses of human nature.

"How can a women tell?" is the title of a recent poem. Humph! How can she help telling?

Does a bonnet sing because it is covered with birds? No; but the husband that pays for it whistles.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effect when the weaving of a life time is unravelled.

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SALE OF
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Fedora Collars at 40c. and 50c.

Linen Collars, 4c, 5c, 7c, and 10c. up.

Lace Collars 20c., worth 40c. Special value.

Guipure and Oriental lace Collars, 35c, 40c, 50c, and 60c. up.

Silk Lace Fichus, 12c, worth 45c.

Oriental Lace Fichus 25c. and 38c. up.

Pure Linen Handkerchiefs, 7c, 8c, and 10c.

Damask and Printed Border Handkerchiefs, 5c, 8c, and 10c.

Hemstitched Linen Handkerchiefs, 10c, 12c, and 15c.

Hemstitched Linen Handkerchiefs, colored border, 15c, 18c, 20c. and 25c.

SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF NEW SPRING LACES.

Oriental Laces, 10c, 12½c, 15c, 18c, and 20c. per yard up.

White Washing Lace, 1c, 2c, 3c, 4c, and 5c.

Soutache Laces, 10c, 12½c, and 15c.

Irish Print, 4c, 5c, 8c, and 10c. per yd.

Chantilly Laces, 10c, 12½c, 15c, 18c, and 20c. a yard.

Black Spanish Laces, 10c, 12½c, 15c, 20c. and 25c. yd.

Black Oriental Laces, 85c, $1, $1.15, and $1.25 per yard up.

Maltese Laces, 5c, 8c, and 10c. yd.

Darning Net, 72 inches wide, 45c. yd.

Brussels Net, 27 inches wide, 20c, 25c, and 30c. yd.

Colored and Black Nets with gold spot, 12½c.

Gossamer Veiling, in all colors, from 25c. up.

SPRING HOSIERY.

Ladies' Striped Hose, 10c. pair up.

Ladies' clerical merino, clearing at 12½c., worth 20c.

Ladies' Self-colored Hose, 20c. pair up.

Ladies' Cashmere Hose, Colored and Black, 38c. up.

Ladies' Lisle Thread Hose, Colored and Black, 65c. and 70 pair.

Ladies' Silk Hose, $1.15, $1.25 and $1.50 yard.

Children's Hose from 5c. up.

CIRCULARS.

We import direct, and buy for CASH, Ladies buying our goods receive the best value for their money.

Our Celebrated Circular, warranted Rubber, with hood and pocket, 36 to 38 inches, only $1.15, and from 50 to 60 inches, $1.25, extra cases in stock.

Just received two (2) cases English Circulars, seamless, with hoods and pockets, every circular warranted.

MANTLE & MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

Ostrich Feathers in cream, tuscan, pink, black and white colors, direct importation, extra value.

The latest novelties in French and English Flowers, Spring Hats, new styles in American and English makes.

LETTER ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

SALES FOR CASH ONLY.

T. EATON & CO.,

190, 192, 194, 196 YONGE ST.

THE WOMAN PROBLEM.

I was sitting less than an hour in the office of a powerful journalist, says a writer in the *Boston Herald*. A lady's card was brought to him and a few minutes after, when his secretary reported that the lady was seeking work, he sent word to dismiss her. Then turning to me he said: "I have concluded to give no more work to women. They are utterly useless as writers on a daily journal; you can never depend upon them: they are capricious, whimmy, unreasonable, and unreliable." I expressed some surprise that he should deem them unreliable, but he said that his experience taught him that women's intuitions are very quick and that they interfered seriously with the preparations of reports or sketches which would be acceptable to a newspaper, whose conductors wanted news and not opinions. In my own experience I found many difficulties in the way of utilizing women, and on the other hand, some of the best work I have had done was by women. Some years ago, while editing a daily paper here, I had occasion to treat extensively of labor matters, to look into trades-unions, and discuss the problem of strikes. I tried several professional agitators, but in every instance found their prejudices interfered with the honesty of their work.

Accident brought in my way a lady by the name of Sheppard, and after one or two trials I turned the whole matter over to her. She attended to it so thoroughly and mastered it so absolutely, and treated it so sensibly as to more than satisfy me not only, but to attract the attention of the elder Bennett who asked me if I had any objection to giving him the name of the writer of those articles. Mrs. Sheppard at that time was a widow, and had she contented herself with that line of work, would have made not only a name but an excellent income. She struck, however, the great rock of matrimony. A women of middle-age only, bright, quick, fearless, intelligent, and fast gaining the best possible experience, met her fate, married him and "retired from the troubles of the world." I have had many women in my employ, but they were either so pretty and bright as to attract attention, which developed into marriage, or so stupid as to be of no use whatever. And right here is a good time for me to say that, while it is always an embarrassment to a considerate person to say to an employe: "I have no further work for you," it is trebly difficult and frightfully embarrassing to have to say it to a woman. In the first place, if a woman is working, it stands to reason she is doing it for her living, and if you dismiss her, so far as you are concerned, you interfere with her getting a living. It is hard to make a woman understand that, while she may be of great service to someone else, she is of no special service to you. She is apt to feel hurt and look at what is a purely business necessity as a personal slight.

This woman question is a pretty broad and a very deep one, worthy of careful consideration by men as well as women. In the economy of our social structure women are almost entirely dependent upon men, and men are, as a rule, hoggish enough to let the woman understand it. It is useless to say to the ordinary individual: "Your wife works quite as hard as you: her holidays are few; the breaks in the routine of her labor are very rare, and the strain upon her mind and tug upon her heart are not lightened and loosened as yours are by brisk contact with the world and frequent glimpses at the kaleidoscope of affairs. You go out, she sits in: you spend, she saves." All this sort of thing is useless to the average man: his hide is thick, his senses are blunt, he makes the money, he is the boss. In my judgment the true way to elevate woman is to put into her hands the instruments of self-support; to make her a fit companion in the world of business and letters as she now is in domesticity: to pare down the hide of man, to cut off two-thirds of his "rights," to pull out the bung of his barrel of conceit, and let him understand that she who was given to him as a companion was not intended to be a slave. When American women understand that there is nothing degrading in work, when the seed of ambition is planted in the breasts of school-girls, when children are taught to regard life as a field of labor, one great step will have been taken toward the plane on which all right-thinking men desire to see their mother's sex."

A DAKOTA WOMAN.

Miss Cynthia Eloise Cleveland enjoys the distinction of being the first lady admitted to the bar of Dakota. She is rather stout, of ruddy complexion, a pleasant talker, and apparently able to hold her own against any number of the sterner sex. She has been president of the Woman's Christian Temperance union, and while holding this position defended a woman who was charged with selling liquor without a license. This, of course, brought her name before the people of her section, especially as it was her first case. "It may seem strange that I should do such a thing," she said to a Washington reporter, "but I was assigned to the case by the judge who admitted me, and it was my duty to accept. Besides, she was a woman, and I thought a woman ought to be defended by a woman."

"Have women better chances of success in Dakota than in the east?" asked the reporter.

"There is a large field for them in every way. There was a time in the early days of the territory, when women were reverenced because they were scarce. In the last two years the emigration has has been of the true aristocracy of this country, the middle-class men, who are intelligent, enterprising, and industrious. These have brought out their families, and consequently women are not so rare. The admiration for them however remains. Men like them to succeed and help them to success."

"Was there any public prejudice against your admission to the bar?"

"Not in the least. Women are invited to enter every path which leads to an honorable income. They have land; I own 480 acres myself. Many intelligent and respectable ladies of my acquaintance have pre-empted land and are working it successfully. They hire their help for the heavier duties, but manage all the affairs of the household, complying with the law so far as residence is concerned. There are a number of lady physicians in the territory, although I am the only lady lawyer. When I left home to come east I had a strong idea that I would organize a bank. There is no reason why I should not and many why I should. In settling land cases money has to be borrowed to be used in collecting proof, and why should it not be loaned through my bank first-handed, instead of being obtained elsewhere at a larger interest? Yet the first man here in the east, to whom I spoke about it said: 'My dear madam, that is not woman's sphere.' Out west they would applaud my determination and admire my pluck."

"But the women don't vote yet."

"No, although there is a sentiment in favor of woman suffrage. I never felt called upon to agitate the question, and personally I am averse to women voting. If the matter was submitted to a vote it might be carried, and I presume it would work satisfactorily."

The difference between a thief and a defaulter is that the defaulter steals enough to hire lawyers to defend him, and the thief doesn't.

MRS. FAWCETT ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mrs. Fawcett says: It was said sometimes that women themselves do not wish for the parliamentary suffrage; a similar argument has been used against every extension of the suffrage and against almost every great reform. It is said that the slaves did not wish to be free; that nonconformists did not wish for the repeal of the tests and corporation acts. It is an old story. Those who say that women do not wish for the suffrage are probably guided by the opinions of ladies whom they meet in society; but surely the last general election was a sufficient proof that "society" and "the English people" are not identical expressions. It can not be denied that hundreds of thousands of women do wish for the parliamentary suffrage; that they petition parliament again and again to grant it to them; a smaller number devote a great part of their lives in working to promote it, and make real and deeply-felt sacrifices for it. Nearly all of the distinguished women of the present time have wished for it and expressed their desire for it. Mrs. Somerville, Miss Martineau, Miss Florence Nightingale, are the first three names that occur to me among the women who have made their names known in science, literature, and philanthropy, who have been from the outset of the movement cordial supporters of woman suffrage. Coming down to the humble women of everyday life, it is found that a very large proportion now wish women-householders to have votes. A few months ago seven hundred women-householders, in Hyde, near Manchester, were canvassed to sign a petition in favor of women suffrage, and of these seven hundred the petition was signed by 608. A straw shows the way the wind is blowing, and another little fact may be mentioned in this connection. A young woman's debating society in Cambridge lately discussed woman suffrage, and rejected a resolution condemning it by fifty-six votes to thirteen. There are, of course, some women who do not wish for votes; the majority these do not perhaps possess the qualification that would enable them to vote; but even if they do, no one wishes for a law to compel women to vote. I have sometimes heard men speaking with much satisfaction of having half a dozen votes in different parts of the country, and never having used one of them. The type will probably be found among both sexes. But the women who do not want votes are not so zealous in their renunciation of what others want as were the dissenters who petitioned parliament against the repeal of the five-mile act and the conventicle act. Their petition was paraphrased by Burke in words that will not easily be forgotten: "We, say the dissenters who petition against dissenters, enjoy every species of indulgence we can wish for; and, as we are content, we pray that others who are not content may meet with no relief." Some of us are not content; we are asking for freedom and for representation on exactly the same grounds on which our fathers and forefathers asked for it and won it.

The cashier's wife, who is anxious to figure well in society, is often to blame for her husbands faulty figuring as an accountant.

"A maiden's hair" may be a very pretty subject for a poet to write about, but it get's away with one's appetite if found in a plate of hash.

"I'm a man of few words," said Jones, during a quarrel with Brown. "I know that" was the quick response; "your wife won't allow you to talk back."

England is to address a note to America on the dynamite question. Although this is leap-year, this is not the kind of question that it is desirable to pop.

USEFUL HINTS.

Roasted coffee is one of the most powerful disinfectants.

Salt sprinkled over a carpet before sweeping will brighten the color.

Do not cut lamp wicks, but trim them by wiping off with a scrap of paper.

Sandpaper will whiten ivory knife handles that may have become yellow with use or age.

Silver, plated or solid, should be washed in hot water suds and dried quickly with a soft cloth.

Rice boiled very slowly in milk and sweetened is a very palatable and healthy dish for children.

Arrowroot gives a certain richness to sauce which renders less butter necessary than if flour is used for thickening.

RICE BREAD.—One cup of rice boiled till tender, but not to a mush, a handful of meal, two eggs, one quarter pint of cream, a little salt. Grease the mould thoroughly, or it will not turn out well.

STEAK AND ONIONS.—If you wish to improve upon the usual method of smothering beefsteak with onions, try this:—Cut one quart of onions in very small bits, not over an inch long, and as thin as a sharp knife will cut them. Let them lie in cold water with a good sprinkling of salt in it for half an hour. Drain them them well, and fry them in a deep frying-pan, with a good deal of very hot lard in it. They will cook immediately, and be crisp and most excellent.

SALLY LUNN.—One teaspoonful of yeast, one pint of sweet milk, one-third teacup of white sugar, two eggs, a heaping teaspoonful of butter, flour enough to make a stiff batter, salt to taste. Let the milk come to a boil and drop the butter into it while the milk is cooling; beat the yellow of the egg with the sugar, put in the yeast and the milk, after stirring well; add the beaten whites of the eggs; stir in flour enough to make a stiff batter, and set to rise. When well risen, pour into well-greased pans, and allow to rise again, then bake.

A writer in *Hygiene Pratique* states that boots and shoes may be rendered waterproof by soaking them for some hours in thick soap water. The compound forms a fatty acid within the leather and makes it impervious to water.

Waterproof clothing which allows a free passage for respiration can be prepared by dipping in a solution of acetate of alumina. The latter is made by adding a solution of acetate of lead to a solution of alum, and decanting the mixture from the sulphate of lead which is precipitated. The articles are dipped into this liquid and allowed to dry without wringing them.

CLEANING OIL CLOTH.—Wash all oil-cloth once a month in skim-milk and water, equal quantities of each. Rub them once in three months with boiled linseed oil. Put on very little, rub it well in with a rag, and polish with a piece of old silk. An oil-cloth should never be scrubbed with a brush, but, after being first swept, should be cleaned by washing with a soft flannel and lukewarm water. On no account use soap or water that is hot.

For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken by the enemy.

A Wisconsin woman has predicted a tidal wave on Lake Michigan in June next. The gentler sex seems to be crowding into all the professions.

"Links of Love" is a very pretty heading for a wedding notice. The real lynx of love is the watchful, jealous wife of the equally viligant husband.

The Ladies' Journal

Devoted to Literature, Fashion, &c.

MAY, 1884.

Printed and published by S. FRANK WILSON, 33 and 35 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Ontario.

OUR PATTERNS,

Any pattern illustrated in these pages can be obtained by addressing S. FRANK WILSON, Publisher, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Always remit price of pattern with order, please.

MATINA COSTUME.

A novel and especially stylish design, tight-fitting, the fronts looped so as to disclose a velvet vest below the waistline, the upper part of the front and back faced to represent a yoke, and the deep burnous plait at the back also faced with velvet. The material is rough bison cloth of a bluish-gray color with the pattern in dark red, and the velvet in combination matches the color of the pattern in the cloth. The skirt is walking length, of red velvet, with a deep, box plaited flounce at the bottom over a protective plaiting of the cloth. The double illustration of this stylish garment is shown elsewhere. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

The designs and illustrations of this department are from the celebrated house of Mme. Demorest, the acknowledged representative of Fashions in Europe and America. This house has always received the first premium at all the Expositions, and is the recipient of the only award over all competitors for patterns of Fashions, at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Paris, London and New York,

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—The fashioning of this little costume, the "Virginia," is particularly attractive, and a more dressy or jaunty design for a young miss could scarcely be desired. The material of which it is made is percale, having pretty buds and leaves scattered over the white ground, and the yoke is of "Kursheedt's Standard" lace tuckings. The skirt is trimmed with two gathered flounces headed by a puff, which is gathered about an inch from the edge to form its own heading. The front and back of the polonaise are laid in side plaits which are run in like tucks as far as the waist line, below which the fullness falls loosely in front, and the back is gracefully and effectively draped to form two points. While the design is especially adapted to the numerous materials selected for summer wear, it is also appropriate for cashmeres and soft woollens of all kinds; and with such goods the yoke may be of velvet or a contrasting material. Patterns of the costume in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—This pretty little dress, called the "Sita," is as quaint and novel as it is attractive. Pink and blue surah are combined in the illustration, and the making is by no means difficult to accomplish. The Moliere vest is of the delicate shade of pink so becoming to children, and is gathered at the top and bottom, and held in at the waist line by a dainty bow of blue Ottoman ribbon. The plaiting is also of the pink, and the coat is of pale blue surah, made half fitting and having the lower edge cut in tabs that fall over the plaited flounce. The trimming on the sleeves around the neck and bordering the fronts of the coat is cream-colored Irish point. Although particularly effective in these materials, the design is adapted to all seasonable fabrics, and inexpensive washable goods as well as flannels or light woollen materials can be stylishly made after this model. Patterns of the dress in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, twenty cents each.

RHONA COSTUME.

An exceptionally attractive design, suitable for making up embroidered robes, in boxes with four and a half yards each of wide and narrow embroidery, especially "Kursheedt's Standard," embroidered robes of Chambery, gingham, pongee, etc. The illustration represents a robe of light blue Chambery of the above brand, embroidered with white, the narrow embroidery forming a flounce around the skirt and the trimming on the waist and sleeves, and the wide, a deep flounce across the front and sides and the drapery on the front of the basque. The back is particularly stylish in effect, although easily arranged, as will be seen from the double illustration given among the separate fashions. A long-looped bow of dark blue satin-faced velvet ribbon finishes the drapery at the sides, and a frill of "Kursheedt's Standard" finely crimped ruching of pale blue India mull finishes the neck very effectively. The broad brimmed hat is of English straw in the natural color, the brim faced with dark blue velvet, and the outside trimmed with a large bow of velvet secured by slender gold pins and a cluster of dark and light blue ostrich tips. Gloves of yellow-tan undressed kid. Patterns for the costume, thirty cents each size.

On application, the Kursheedt Manufacturing Co. will forward, free of charge, to any address, descriptive illustrations of Spanish and Oriential laces, embroideries, ruchings, tuckings and other fashionable specialties, of their manufacture. Address "The Kursheedt Manufacturing Co.," New York City.

Public Buildings—Taverns.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual.

A Law-Suit—Wig and gown.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it.

Pressing Business—A printer's.

FOR ALL AGES.

The aged, debilitated and infirm will find renewed vigor and strength by taking Burdock Blood Bitters. The young hastening to early decay will also find in this revitalizing tonic a remedy worth trying.

Upon the Square—The compass.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Brigs' Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaint.

It appears that a dentist's game is always a draw.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the first blood medicine to prove a real success, still holds its place as first in the public estimation, both at home and abroad, as shown by its miraculous cures and immensely increased sales.

The Ship that Everybody Likes—Good fellowship.

John Hays, Credit P. O., says: "His shoulder was so lame for nine months that he could not raise his hand to his head, but by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil the pain and lameness disappeared, and although three months has elapsed, he has not had an attack of it since."

One Thing in which two heads are better than one—A barrel.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be easily stopped in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

Which is the best of the four seasons for arithmetic—The summer.

DANGER TRAPS.

Neglected colds are the fatal traps that ensnare many a victim beyond possibility of rescue. Take a cold or cough in time and it is easily conquered by that safe and pleasant vegetable remedy, Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. Asthma, Bronchitis and pulmonary complaints generally soon yield to its healing influence.

What is that which ties two persons but only touches one?—A wedding ring.

Mr. George Tolen, Druggist, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes: "My customers who have used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure says that it has done them more good than anything they have ever used." It has indeed a wonderful influence in purifying the blood and curing diseases of the Digestive Organs, the Liver, Kidneys, and all disorders of the system,

Why is a saucy girl like a person of contented mind?—Because she's a tease.

A RUN FOR LIFE.—Sixteen miles were covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug-store without it.

Why is a storm when its clearing up like a castigation? Shure, and it's a bating.

WEATHER PROBABILITIES.

Foretelling the weather is uncertain at the best, but it is certain that if you catch cold in this changeable climate you can best break its ill effects with Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, the most reliable and pleasant remedy for coughs, colds, bronchial and lung complaints. It is so agreeable that even a child will take it.

"No one knows more of the ups and downs of life than I do," says our elevator man.

It is an odd thing, but if you owe a round sum of money, it is generally deuced hard to square it.

BRIGGS' GENUINE ELECTRIC OIL.—Electricity feeds the brain and muscles; in a word it is nature's food. The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that it is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wide range of application, as an internal and external remedy, for man and beast. The happiest results follow its use, and in nervous diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases, it has no equal.

What part of a dwelling-house would best suit a phrenologist for his study? The scullery.

CRUSHED BY THE CARS.

A little son of John Spinks, Toronto, had his foot crushed by a G. T. R. Express train some time ago. Two doctors attended him without benefit, and amputation was proposed but Hagyard's Yellow Oil was tried, which gave prompt relief and effected a speedy cure, even removing all stiffness of the joint.

Many a man is like a digit. His importance is increased simply because of his association with ciphers.

When a cold or other cause checks the operation of the secretive organs their natural healthy action should be restored by the use of Ayer's Pills, and inflammatory material thereby removed from the system. Much serious sickness and suffering might be prevented by thus promptly correcting those slight derangements that, otherwise, often develop into settled disease.

A FAMILY MEDICINE.—Over ten thousand boxes of Briggs' Life Pills are sold yearly in the Dominion of Canada, which is the best guarantee of their quality and the estimation in which they are held as a family medicine.

In Paris black dresses are preferred to colored ones.

IT SHOULD BE INVESTIGATED

If any of our readers are suffering from chronic disease of the stomach, liver, kidneys, or blood, they should investigate the merits of Burdock Blood Bitters. It is making some of the most remarkable cures on record.

Gold-colored velvet is now used in place of gold braid.

Mr. Parpetus Boileau, Ottawa, says: "I was radically cured of piles, from which I had been suffering for over two months, by the use of Thomas' Electric Oil. I used it both internally and externally, taking it in small doses before meals and on retiring to bed. In one week I was cured, and have had no trouble since. I believe it saved my life."

SORE EYES.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the lids.

Black crepe lisse trims the neck and sleeves of many of the newest silk dresses.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

Sufferers from either acute or chronic rheumatism will find no more ready relief or better cure than Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the popular household remedy for external and internal use in all painful affections.

The new sateens are like real satin in appearance and remarkably beautiful in design.

For worms in children, be sure and inquire for Stitzer's Vermifuge Candy. The genuine article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. ☞ The public are respectfully informed that the Vermifuge Candy can be purchased of the principal druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

The newest chatelaine watches have the monogram of the owner in sapphires on the back.

A DOUBLE BENEFIT.

James Moore, a prominent resident of Leamington, writes that he cured himself of dyspepsia of a year's duration by one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and two bottles cured his wife who had been for years a sufferer from the same disease. He conscientiously recommends it to all suffering from similar troubles.

The evening cloak par excellence is of cashmere, lined with plush, and having a crape hood, trimmed with lace.

PREMONITIONS OF APPROACHING DANGER, in the shape of digestive weakness, lassitude, inactivity of the kidneys, pains in the region of the liver and shoulder blades, mental depression coupled with headache, furred tongue, vertigo, should not be disregarded. Use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and avert the peril to health. It removes all impurities and gives tone to the whole system.

The bodice with a high back and low cut out front is the correct wear for dinner parties and evening receptions.

What makes me laugh when others sigh?
No tears can e'er bedew mine eye
It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

What is it makes me hale and stout,
And all my friends can't make it out,
I really could not live without—Briggs' Life Pills.

So if you're sad, or grieved, or ill,
Pray, do not pay a doctor's bill,
But take a dose of—Briggs' Life Pills.

Religion is not a thing of noise and spasm, but of silent self sacrifice and quiet growth.

FACT STRANGER THAN FICTION.

It is a fact that Alonzo Howe, of Twood, had a fever sore that afflicted him for thirty-five years. Six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him which he considers almost a miracle. It was but the natural result of the remedy restoring pure blood and perfect secretion.

An evening bonnet of white muslin is trimmed with black and white blonde lace and a crest of black and white feathers.

STAR CEMENT.—Unites and repairs every thing as good as new. Glass, china, stone earthenware ivory, wood and leather, pipes sticks and precious stones, plates, mugs jars lamp glasses, chimney ornaments. Picture Frames, Jew lry, trinkets, toys, etc.

As you may neither eat nor read for the pleasure of eating or reading, so you may do nothing else for the pleasure of it, but for the use. The moral difference between a man and a beast is that the one acts primarily for use, and the other for pleasure.

To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of Dyspepsia, or **Indigestion,** are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these **Pills,** taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of all disorders **of the stomach and bowels.** They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

Marriage.

When a young man wants to marry a girl he has already made up his mind that she is worthy of him; otherwise he would not wish to marry her. The next thing for him to do is to make a rigid examination and cross-examination of himself to see whether he is worthy of her. In this he should be unsparing of his own faults and shortcomings. If he comes to the conclusion that the girl is better than he is, let him at once and resolutely set himself to reform his own character and to eradicate its defects. If, on the other hand, he finds that he can conscientiously say that he deserves her hand, he may safely conclude that, if her affections are not preoccupied by another, he can win her by fair and honourable and open means, and without resort to clandestine plans or practices.

INVALUABLE TO EVERY LADY.

"MAY DEW,"

The Great French Lotion for Beautifying the Face.

It conceals the evidence of age. One application will make the most stubbornly red and rough hands beautifully soft and white. Remember that "MAY DEW" is not a paint or powder that will fill up the pores of the skin, and that is injurious to the skin, but a new and great discovery, a vegetable liquid, that causes the cheek to glow with health, the neck, arms and hands to rival the Lily in whiteness. Impossible to detect in the beauty it confers any artificial character. It cures Greasy Skin, Freckles, Wrinkles, Pimples, Black Heads, Crows Feet, Blotches, Face Grubs, Sun Burn, Tan, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Sore or Chapped Lips, Barber's Itch, Tetters, etc. It frees the pores, oil glands, and tubes from the injurious effects of powders and cosmetic washes. By its use all redness and roughness is prevented; it beautifies the skin, and will make it soft, smooth and white, imparting a delicate softness; producing a perfectly healthy, natural and youthful appearance. The best face lotion that the world ever produced. We will send a large bottle to any address on receipt of price—one dollar. When ordering mention this paper.

Address all letters to

THE MAY DEW AGENCY,

167 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, ONT.

☞ Parlors and Reception Rooms for Ladies. ☜

THE WANDERING REFUGEE.

By WILLIAM S. HAYS.

2

way — Lone - ly o'er life's stormy sea;
yore — I, a - las shall never see;

Who will shed one gen - tle tear For a wand'ring refu-
I'll be roaming far a - way A lonely wand'ring refu-

gee: Who will shed one gen - tle tear For a wand'ring re - fu - gee.
gee: I'll be roam-ing far a - way A lonely wand'ring re - fu - gee.

CHORUS.

Ritard.

Mother; oh! fare - well! I must go, I'll think of thee, Oh!.....

Ritard.

Mother I must leave thee now, I'm a wand'ring re - fu - gee,

$6,000.00 !

In "Ladies' Journal" Bible Competition No. 6.

CLOSING MAY 20

This competition is to be short, sharp, and decisive. So if you think of competing send in your answers at once. The sooner you send in your answers the better.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1st. Where are some musical instruments first mentioned in the Bible?

2nd. What two verses in the New Testament have only two words each?

3rd. What King in presence of his courtiers cut up with a penknife and burned the new subscription copy of part of the word of the Lord?

Prizes in last competition were pretty widely scattered over Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Manitoba, North-West Territories, and even so far west as Nebraska.

We are offering *over five hundred valuable rewards* this time, aggregating a very large amount of money. The conditions are, as before, that every competitor must send with their answer to the Bible question, the sum of fifty cents, for which the LADIES' JOURNAL, a 20-page monthly magazine, will be sent for one year to any desired address. The first person sending correct answers to the Bible questions will get number one reward, the second correct answers take number two, and so on, until all the rewards are distributed. Of course everyone gets the LADIES' JOURNAL for a year, whether their answers are correct or not; but if *correct*, and the answers arrive in time, they will get some one of these costly rewards. Bear in mind that the regular yearly subscription to the LADIES' JOURNAL is a half dollar; so you pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, and you get full and big value for your investment even if you do not obtain a reward. See what some of our subscribers say of the paper in another column. These are

THE REWARDS.

1 Elegant Rosewood Square Piano	$400 00
1 Fine Cabinet Organ, 12 stops, 2 sets Reeds	250 00
1 Set Parlor Furniture, latest design, upholstered in raw silk	125 00
1 Neat Two Page Cart, latest design	12 00
3 Silver Tea Services, six pieces in each	225 00
5 Ladies' Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-Setting Genuine Elgin Watches	210 00
2 Elegant Triple Silver-Plated Ice Pitchers	100 00
5 Beautiful Silk Dress Patterns	200 00
5 Elegant Black Cashmere Dress Patterns	165 00
12 Gentlemen's Solid Nickel Silver Hunting Case Watches	300 00
15 Gentlemen's Solid Silver Open-Face Extra Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches	300 00
17 Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches	360 00
9 Beautiful New Spring Sateen Print Dress Patterns	135 00
11 New Spring Print Dress Patterns	120 00
9 Celebrated Waterbury Watches	45 00
50 Volumes World's Cyclopedia and Library of Universal Knowledge, each volume complete in itself	250 00
200 Elegant Triple Silver-Plated on Solid Steel Butter Knives	200 00

Then, after these first rewards, come the *middle rewards*. The first prize (the tea service) in this list will be given to the sender of the *middle correct answer* of the whole competition from first to last. The next one (one of the gold watches) will be awarded to the sender of the next correct answer, and so on until all these middle rewards are given away.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

1 Extra Triple Silver-Plated Tea Service, 6 pieces	$110 00
2 Gold Stem-winding and Stem-Setting Elgin Watches	200 00
5 Elegant Gold Neck Chains	200 00
9 Solid Open-Face Nickel Silver Watches	135 00
13 Gentlemen's Solid Aluminum Gold Watches	350 00
15 Solid Hunting Case Nickel Watches	300 00
15 Pair Newest Design Elegant Lace Curtains	130 00
15 Newest Design Baby Carriages	300 00
12 Handsome Walnut Clocks	200 00
12 Elegant Nickel-Plated Alarm Clocks	100 00
50 Elegant Triple Silver-Plated Butter Knives	50 00

Not to disappoint even the last ones, we are again offering a long list of *Consolation Rewards*. The *last correct answer* received will take *number one* reward in this list, the next *number two*, and so on. The letters *must all be post-marked where mailed* not later than the closing day of this competition, which is May 20; therefore any one living in California or British Columbia will stand as good, or a better chance, provided their answers are correct and they send the necessary half-dollar for a year's subscription to the JOURNAL, as a person living in or near Toronto.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

1 Gentlemen's Solid Gold Beautifully Engraved Hunting Case Genuine Elgin Watch, all latest improvements	$120 00
1 Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Elgin Watch	110 00
5 Gentlemen's Solid Coin Silver Open Face and Hunting Case Watches	150 00
5 Solid Triple-plated Cruet Stands	50 00
10 Nickel-plated Alarm Clocks	100 00
10 Pairs Fine Lace Curtains	110 00
10 Volumes Longfellow's Poems	25 00

It is scarcely necessary for us to say that we will positively and without failure, distribute all the above named rewards on the conditions named above, and without the slightest favor or partiality. The numerous letters received from prize winners, and published from time to time, sufficiently prove that our offers are genuine, and we know that every one competing, whether successful or not, will be pleased with the LADIES' JOURNAL, and be convinced that they have made a good investment. Now is the time to try your skill. Studying up for the questions cannot fail to do good anyway, and if you send in correct answers to *all* the questions, and they come in time to compete in any of the three lists of prizes offered, you cannot fail to get a reward. The correct address is LADIES' JOURNAL, 120 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada. Please mention, when sending in your answers, where you saw the notice of these rewards. Attend to this now, as soon as you read it.

WHAT OUR SUBSCRIBERS SAY.

PARKDALE, March 14, 1884.

EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL.

Dear Sir,—My astonishment on receiving your beautiful watch was only equalled by what I experienced when I received my JOURNAL, and saw my name mentioned as winner of second prize. Still I was incredulous about its real worth and had the case subjected to a chemical test, which satisfied me beyond a doubt. My husband has been wearing it ever since, and it keeps excellent time.

Many, many thanks,

MRS. HUGH MACMATH.

BOTHWELL, ONT., Feb. 28, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR:

I received the book last evening. I think it alone worth 50 cents, will never be without it in the future.

MRS. FRANK GATE.

ANGUS, March 18, 1884.

MR. S. FRANK WILSON.

Dear Sir,—I received by express to-day the prize awarded me in Bible Competition No. 3, being a gentleman's coin silver hunting case watch. I am delighted with it and find it even better than was represented. I am very much pleased with the *Ladies' Journal*, and feel I would not like to be without it. Accept thanks for so generous a prize.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. ORTON

DUNDAS, April 7th, 1884.

Sir,—I have received the prize won in the recent Bible competition. I am more than pleased with it, it surpassed my expectations. I have shown it to some of my friends who think it very nice. I am well pleased with the JOURNAL also, and have sent one copy away to a friend. I think that, even though I did not get a prize, I would get full value for my money.

Yours truly,

MISS M. J. BROWN.

39½ Metcalfe St.

MONTREAL, April 7, 1884.

I have to acknowledge with many thanks, the pretty edition of Shakespeare you sent me as a prize in one of the recent competitions. It is all you represented.

M. C. G. LEISHMAN.

QUEENSTON, April 7th, 1884.

To the Editor of Ladies' Journal:

DEAR SIR,—The young lady to whom I have given the tea service as a wedding present, informs me that it is perfectly lovely and quite beyond expectation, and that she is quite delighted with it. Accept my sincere thanks for so generous and so valuable a prize.

F. WYNN.

April 7th, 1884.

To the Editor of Ladies' Journal:

SIR,—I acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of my prize for correct answers to "Bible Questions," a volume of "Tennyson's Poems;" it is indeed all that was represented, and I am more than satisfied, and intend to try again.

Yours respectfully,

M. J. CLARKE.

536 St. James St. W., Montreal.

OUR BIBLE COMPETITIONS.

THE WINNERS AND THEIR ANSWERS IN COMPETITION NUMBER FIVE.

Following is the list of successful competitors in the competition which closed on the 21st. The middle awards and the consolation rewards will be announced in the June number.

The questions submitted, with the answers, are as follows:—

1. Does the word grandmother appear in the Bible; if so, where? 2 Tim i, 5.

2. Is it recorded anywhere in the Bible that a prophet or prophetess had anything to do with a college? 2 Kings, xxii, 14; 2 Chron. xxxiv., 22.

3. Name an Uncle of Aaron? Lev. x, 4. NOTE.—Uzziel is the only person who is called an "uncle of Aaron" in so many words; but as Uzziel had two brothers (Ex. vi, 18.) who were also Aaron's uncles, and some of our competitors have given one, or both, or all three, we have allowed the correct answers to include Amram's three brothers.

1.—One Square Rosewood Piano, Benson Smith, Markham, Ont. 2.—One Cabinet Organ, Mrs. Sarah Wigg, Oshawa, Ont. 3.—One Silver Tea Service, Archibald McCallum, Iona, Ont. 4.—One Gentleman's Solid Gold Hunting Case Stem-winding and Stem-setting Elgin Watch, Ada H. Patterson, Merriton, Ont. 5.—One Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch, J. H. J. Kerr, Education Dept., Toronto. 6 to 11.—Six Elegant Black Silk Dresses;—6, Nettie Bruce, 10 Buchanan St., Toronto; 7, C. Spencer, 19 Howard St., Toronto; 8, Mrs. A. Arnot, Crosswell, Mich.; 9, Edith S. Walker, 29 Dovercourt Road, Toronto; 10, S. E. Wilson, 31 Colborne St., Kingston, Ont.; 11, H. B. Clark, 118 College St., Toronto. 12 to 16.—Five Triple Silver Plated Ice Pitchers;—12, J. L. Renton, P. O. Clerk, Kingston; 13, W. T. Ellison, Collingwood, Ont.; 14, Alexander Belinge, Quebec; 15, Mrs. T. T. Johnston, Ancaster, Ont.; 16 E. Rankin, 19 Hanover St., Montreal. 17 to 21.—Five Ladies' Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches;—17, Janet McLachlan, Kirkwall, Ont.; 18, Bella F. Christie, Kirkwall, Ont.; 19, G. E. Orser, 421½ Queen St., West, Toronto, Ont.; 20, E. A. Robins, Beamsville, Ont.; 21, Mrs. J. L. Whiteside, 76 Hazleton Ave., Toronto, Ont. 22 to 26.—Five Gentlemen's Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches;—22, Nellie Thomson, G. P. O., Toronto, Ont.; 23, W. H. Cox, 701 Yonge St., Toronto; 24, Mrs. Jane Quantz, Markham, Ont.; 25, E. H. Anderson, 42 Hunter St. W., Hamilton; 26, Geo. Black, G. N. W. Telegraph Co., Hamilton. 27 to 32.—Six New Spring Print Dresses;—27, Sydney Gibson, 162 King St., East, Toronto; 28, May Dale, Glasgow, Ont.; 29, D. Stewart, Wallacetown, Ont.; 30, Alberta V. Graham, Peterboro, Ont.; 31, D. Hannah, Godfrey, Ont., 32, J. Mackenzie, Wallace St., Listowel, Ont. 33 to 37.—Five Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches;—33, F. Mason, Perth, Ont.; 34, Mrs. Geo. H. Hall, Sheridan, Ont.; 35, Lizzie Lechner, Port Hope, Ont.; 36, Mrs. W. Cosnock, Erin, Ont.; 37, T. W. Lamb, Walkerton, Ont. 38 to 42.—Five Hunting Case Solid Nickel Silver Watches;—38, Susan T. Wade, Lisle, Ont.; 39, Mrs. Charles Jeffrey, Jr., Cannington, Ont.; 40, J. C. Robertson, Newmarket, Ont.; 41, W. Toms, Jr., Cobourg, Ont.; 42, Edward Willis, Oshawa, Ont. 43 to 47.—Five Open Face Solid Nickel Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches;—43, Mrs. Grace W. Willis, Oshawa, Ont.; 44, Eva J. Witlock, Hampton, Ont.; 45, W. Arnott, Lakefield, Ont.; 46, Miss Lillian Adair, Newtonville, Ont.; 47, G. A. H. Fraser, Barrie, Ont. 48 to 54.—Seven Waterbury Watches;—48, John Wood, 88 Elgin St., Ottawa; 49, Edwin Nayler, Stirling, Ont.; 50, E. Shepherd, 35 Widmer St., Toronto; 51, Job Oliver, 30 Gerrard St., West, Toronto; 52, Robert Ewing, Collingwood; 53, Mina Fraser, Collingwood; 54, Mrs. G. H. Fields, 16 Sharon St., Boston, Mass. 55 to 66.—Twelve Sets Triple Silver-Plated Tea Spoons;—55, J. E. Waldie, Burlington, Ont.; 56, Mrs. F. Rogerson, Lefroy P.O., Ont.; 57, Flora M. Abbott, Smith's Falls, Ont.; 58, Mrs. G. W. Stevenson, Enniskillen, Ont.; 59, Clara M. Tuttle, Box 668, Brantford; 60, Clara Edwards, Cannington, Ont.; 61, Miss Fletcher, Unionville, Ont.; 62, Bella Evans, 103 Main St., Hamilton; 63, Jessie Jones, Stoney Creek, Ont.; 64, Mrs. R. Fortune, Carluke, Ont.; 65, Ina C. Murray, Galt, Ont.; 66, Mrs. P. McSweyn, Woodstock. 67 to 105.—Thirty-nine Volumes of Shakespeare's Complete Works;—67, Addie Fenton, Beeton, Ont.; 68, D. Arnott, Lakefield, Ont.; 69, Mrs. J. M. Masson, Peterboro; 70, Mrs. J. McCarter, Almonte, Ont.; 71, Alfred Biggs, Toronto, Ont.; 72, Jane Williams, Limehouse, Ont.; 73, Miss McIntyre, Stayner; 74, C. East, 457 Fort Street, East, Detroit, Mich.; 75, Mrs. H. Miller, Bethany, Ont.; 76, Mrs. H. Hamill, Undermount, John St., Hamilton; 77, Alice Barker, Almonte; 78, J. Gordon, Kenilworth, Ont.; 79, Rev. S. T. Bartlett, Tyrone, Ont.; 80, Fanny Hellyar, Bowmanville, Ont.; 81, C. Brown, 44 Alice St., Toronto; 82, Annie Nelson, Fergus, Ont.; 83, Mrs. A. Smith, Cannington, Ont.; 84, W. H. Medill, Houston, Ont.; 85, Jennie Anderson, Collingwood, Ont.; 86, Mrs. J. Wood, Erin, Ont.; 87, W. J. Thompson, 225 Huron St., Toronto; 88, Geo. L. Shipley, Denfield, Ont.; 89, Phœbe Ross, Bellevillo, Ont.; 90, Alice Henstridge, Portsmouth, Ont.; 91, Herbert Renner, Bowmanville, Ont.; 92, Eleanor Crosby, Burlington, Ont.; 93, Sara Kerr, 81 Wellington St. West, Hamilton; 94, Margaret Hawes, Ingersoll, Ont.; 95, Mrs. J. T. Fairchild, Princeton, Ont.; 96, Mary E. Bonnar, Albion, Ont.; 97, Rachael Parker, Glasgow, Ont.; 98, Mrs. W. A. McNair, Thurso, Ont.; 99, W. Mayhew, Renforth, Ont.; 100, C. R.

Moore, 41 Murray St., Hamilton, Ont.; 101, J. H. Graham, Box 317, Brampton; 102, Frank E. Sumner, Brampton; 103 Mrs. J. Graham, Brampton; 104, J. H. Coon, North Glanford, Ont. 105 to 160. — Fifty-Six Volumes Tennyson's Poems;—105, J. M. Davis, Richview, Ont.; 106, Hugh R. McPhail, Jr., 294 King St., West, Hamilton; 107, Helen McPhail, 294 King St., West, Hamilton; 108, Bella Roche, Iona, Ont.; 109, Marlio W. Tyndall, Bluevale, Ont.; 110, Geo. E. Coon, North Glanford, Ont.; 111, Mrs. C. M. Hersey, Hawksbury, Ont.; 112, Mrs. T. McKay, Truro, N. S.; 113, W. C. Holman, 241 Sherbourne St., Toronto; 114, Miss Wiley, 412 Princess St., Kingston, Ont.; 115, Helen Lovell, 2 Queen's Park Ave., Toronto; 116, Mrs. W. Smith, St. Catharines, Ont.; 117, R. J. McKee, Aurora, Ont.; 118, Mis Jennie Graham, Brampton; 119, P. A. Mabee, Odessa, Ont.; 120, Janet Elliott, Agincourt; 121, Geo. Wigg, Oshawa, Ont.; 122, J. Smith, Burlington, Ont.; 123, Cassie Stewart, 100 Rebecca St., Hamilton, Ont.; 124, Flora M. Boyd, Crosshill, Ont.; 125, Mrs. J. Oldham, Beamsville; 126, Frank Howells, St. George, Ont.; 127, Mrs. Noel Rondeau, Joliette, Que.; 128, Mrs. P. Nicol, Albion, Ont.; 129, W. H. Milner, Malton, Ont.; 130, C. F. Kneeland, 51 Shaw St., Montreal, Que.; 131, Fred C. Lockart, Orono, Ont.; 132, Jonme Martin, Bolton, Ont.; 133, Mrs. J. Nott, Brussels, Ont.; 134, Lizzie McIntyre, Lynden, Ont.; 135, Mrs. C. Beggs, Oshawa; 136, Mrs. Geo. Henderson, Box 77, Barrie; 137, Mrs. R. Perry, Bracondale P. O., Ont.; 138, Miss J. Wier, Islington, Ont.; 139, S. Maggie Coleman, Port Hope, Ont.; 140, Annie E. Snaden, Danville, P. Q.; 141, Mrs. W. McDonald, Acton, Ont.; 142, M. J. Brown, Box 205, Dundas; 143, Rosa Dickins, Brighton, Ont.; 144, Mrs. C. E. McCarger, Box 25, Kemptville; 145, Hiram Kester, Glasgow, Ont.; 146, Mrs. Mary Gordon, Box 42, Elora, Ont.; 147, Ida P. Thompson, 15 Welland Ave., St. Catharines; 148, John Johnston, Beaverton, Ont.; 149, A. W. Smith, Harrisburg, Ont.; 150, W. Ackley, Walkerton, Ont.; 151, Sarah Saunders, 7 Denison Ave., Toronto; 152, Mrs. A. Hay, Box 82, Barrie, Ont.; 153, Mrs. H. Smith, Harrisburg, Ont.; 154, Eva Robertson, Aurora, Ont.; 155, R. J. Evans, Aurora, Ont.; 156, J. H. Shaw, G. T. R., Walkerton; 157, C. A. Palmer, Dundalk; 158, M. D. Rennie, 23 Jarvis St., Toronto; 159, Stenna Wilson, Weston, Ont.; 160, Mrs. Boylan, Erin. 161 to 221.— Sixty-one Silver-Plated Butter Knives;—161, Mrs. E. Clark, Ancaster, Ont.; 162, Miss Emma J. Fraser, 117 Sparks St., Ottawa, Ont.; 163, Miss Ella Word, 88 Elgin St., Ottawa, Ont.; 164, S. J. Jarvis, 76 Stewart St., Ottawa, Ont.; 165, James Manderson, Box 116, Guelph, Ont.; 166, Emily May Freeman, 256 Terauley St., Toronto, Ont.; 167, Mrs. E. Winterburn, 198 Ontario St., Toronto; 168, Eva Saunders, 485 Queen St., West, Toronto; 169, Miss Maggie Strachan, 708 Albert St., Ottawa, Ont.; 170, G. A. Smith, Imperial Hotel, Galt, Ont.; 171, Katie Moore, Peterboro, Ont.; 172, Barbara Mins, 12 Emerald St. S., Hamilton, Ont.; 173, S. Gillis, Commercial College, Hamilton, Ont.; 174, Miss Alice Venn, 71 Gould St., Toronto; 175, Mrs. T. H. Carey, 112 Moor St., West, Toronto; 176, C. H. Crofts, Peterboro, Ont.; 177, L. A. Whiteside, 181 Augusta St., Ottawa; 178, Emily Fisher, Peterboro, Ont.; 179, Mima Whitecombe, 104 Chestnut St., Toronto; 180, Nellie McLeod, 70 Duke St., Hamilton; 181, Minnie Todd, Walkerton, Ont.; 182, Alan C. Thompson, 23 Adelaide St., East, Toronto; 183, Janet Laurie, Thedford, Ont.; 184, Mrs. James Bracken, 56 Suffolk St., Guelph, Ont.; 185, Lizzie Drury, 184 Sumach St., Toronto, Ont.; 186, Mrs. Mary A. Kirwin, 314 King William St., Hamilton; 187 Mrs. Weston, 635 Yonge St., Toronto; 188, Robert Morris, Bronte, Ont.; 189, T. M. Roid, Cascades, Que.; 190, Cassie Evans, Islington, Ont.; 191 Henry Evans, Islington, Ont.; 192, Mrs. I. A. Evans, Islington, Ont.; 193, H. Herbert Smith, Burlington, Ont.; 194, E. Brown, George St., Peterboro, Ont.; 195, Francis A. Bell, Box 340, Peterboro, Ont.; 196, Mrs. Reed, 1 Philip's Square, Montreal, Que.; 197 Miss Nellie Castell, 73 Duke St., Hamilton; 198, Wm. A. Irvine, 66 Duke St., Hamilton; 199, Mrs. T. D. Orchard, Shedden; 200, E. A. Maclaurin, Prov.-Sec. Office, Toronto; 201, Henrietta S. Low, Wiarton, Ont.; 202, Mrs. Christiana Harrison, Richmond Hill, Ont.; 203, S. Washburn, Waterloo, Ont.; 204, Bertha Jameson, 61 Primrose Ave., Ottawa; 205, M. G. Zealand, 16 Murray St., Hamilton; 206, Maria Craig, Walkerton, Ont.; 207, Ida Stauffer, Strasburg, Ont.; 208, Maggie Matheson, Box 13, Guelph; 209, Mrs. Scott Cruikshank, 110 West Cannon St., Hamilton; 210, H. A. Murray, Lock Box 354, Whitby, Ont.; 211, Mrs. Louise M. Brown, Maisonville Station, Que.; 212, W. Goodbody, Chambly Canton, Que.; 213, Hattie Rowland, Box 158, Port Hope, Ont.; 214, Mrs. S. Hawley, Clarenceville, P. Q.; 215, Olive Wallington, Box 148, St. Thomas; 216, Jennie L. McPherson, Box 179, Carleton Place, Ont.; 217, Jos. Kyle, Teacher, Little Rideau, Prescott, Ont.; 218, Mrs. H. Atkins, Atkins, Mich.; 219, John Smith, Box 85, Aylmer, Que.; 220, Geo. W. Johnston, Walkerton; 221, Miss Ellie Laurence, Valleyfield, Que.

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

COMPETITION NUMBER FOUR, WHICH CLOSED MARCH TWENTIETH.

Following is the list of those entitled to the *Consolation* awards announced in connection with our fourth Bible Competition. It is unnecessary to repeat the questions and answers which appeared in the April number of the JOURNAL. Winners will please remit twelve cents postage on books, and twenty-five cents for postage and registration on watches. Rates on larger articles made known on application.

1. — A Sewing Machine, E. J. Smith, Hamilton, Manitoba. 2 to 7—Six Hunting Case Nickel Watches; 2, Wm. Lawson, Saulte Ste. Mari, Algoma; 3, Arletta Crowder, Marksville, St. Joseph's Isle, Ont.; 4, Mary Wismer, Gore Bay, Manitoulin Island, Algoma; 5, Lizzie A. Miller, Oak River, Manitoba; 6, Mrs. J. W. Chisholm, Michael's Bay, Manitoulin Island, Algoma; 7, Mary J. Simons, Marksville, Algoma. 8 to 13—Six Open Face Nickel Silver Watches—8, Ella White, Bruce Mines, Algoma; 9, Isabel A. Ross, Dundas, Kings Co., P. E. I.; 10, C. S. Richardson, Hamilton, Marquette, Manitoba; 11, Mrs. Geo. E. Gosnell, Ruttanville, Manitoba; 12, Jas. S. Reekie, Heaslip, Man.; 13, Roseberry P.O., Rock Lake, Man. (No name sent). 14 to 18—5 Waterbury Watches;—14, Miss H. M. Lawson, Sheet Harbor, Halifax Co., N. S.; 15, John E. Lewis, Martin's Ferry, Belmont Co., Ohio; 16, Mrs. John W. Philip, Jr., Pomeroy, Man.; 17, J. F. Boyd, Minnedosa, Man.; 18, Marion A. Black, Springfield, Man. 19 to 27.—Longfellow's Poems—19, Mrs. P. H. Spencer, Mira Gut P.O., N. S.; 20, Elleda E. Colpitts, Pleasant Vale, Elgin, Albert Co., N. B.; 21, Zella Jean Price, Lugonia, California); 22, Mrs. Albert Welch, Wroxeter, Ont., (sent from Moose Jaw, N.W.T.); 23, Hugh J. Dunn, Long River, New London, P. E. I.; 24, Mrs. Peter Hyde, Silver Creek, Man.; 25, Mertella Craswell, St. Eleanors, P. E. I.; 26, M. A. Hayward, Portage Lake, Aroostock Co., Me.; 27, Carrie Tyson, Box 6, Clarksburg, Ont.

A newspaper in Paris has been sued for damages for printing a portrait of a countess which did not look like her.

GEMS OF GOLD

What is mine, even to my life, is hers I love; but the secret of my friend is not mine.

Satire lies about men of letters during their life and serves as a veil after their death.

We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much.

That each thing, both in small and in great, fulfilleth the task which destiny has set down.

Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it treats little things as little things, and is not hurt by them.

Be at least as polite to father, mother, child as to others; for they are more important to you than any other.

"He that takes a wife takes care," says Franklin; but Brown says that this is wrong—that he who takes care doesn't take a wife.

$7,500.00

In "Truth" Bible Competition, Closing May 27th.

NUMBER TEN.

The publisher of TORONTO TRUTH this time far surpasses any of his many other very liberal offers for correct answers to Bible Questions. It is a marvel how he can do it, for we know he gives the awards exactly as we have stated in previous notices of his plan. Long lists of prize-winners' names and addresses (even to street and number when in cities) are given in every alternate issue of TRUTH. We can assure our readers that all the rewards offered below will, as in the past contests, be cheerfully and promptly handed over to the *six hundred and twenty-five* persons who send, according to the conditions stated below, correct answers to these Bible Questions given by one of the leading clergymen of the Methodist Church. The questions are very difficult this time, *all* of which must be answered correctly in order to secure any of the rewards offered. Here are **THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.**

1st. Who was that foreign King of longest name who for a time ruled over the Israelites?

2nd. Name the *longest* reign among the kings of Israel?

3rd, Name the *shortest* reign among the kings of Israel?

THE REWARDS.

1	Elegant Rosewood Piano	$550 00
1	Twelve-Stop Cabinet Organ	250 00
2	Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting, box cases, elegantly engraved Elgin Watches	220 00
3	Magnificent Triple Silver-plated Tea Services, 6 piece	330 00
2	Ladies' Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watches	200 00
2	Celebrated Wanzer Sewing Machines	120 00
5	Gentlemen's Elegant Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	125 00
3	Gentlemen's Open-face Solid Coin Silver Watches	72 00
9	Solid Nickel Silver hunting-case watches	144 00
3	Solid Nickel Silver, open-face, heavy bevelled crystal, watches	135 00
9	Aluminum Gold hunting-case Watches	126 00
5	Beautiful solid gold diamond Rings	55 00
11	Solid gold gem Rings	99 00
12	Renowned Waterbury Watches	60 00
11	Half-dozen sets solid triple silver-plated dessert spoons	88 00
11	Half-dozen sets of solid triple silver-plated tea spoons	66 09
100	Copies, sumptuously bound, of Shakespeare's works	253 50
139	Elegant triple silver-plated butter knives	139 00

Bear in mind that each competitor must send with their answers one dollar, for which TRUTH will be sent for six months. You therefore PAY NOTHING ADDITIONAL for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, getting full and big value for your dollar investment in receiving TRUTH for six months. The regular subscription price of TRUTH is two dollars per year. Please mention, when you are sending in your answers, in what paper you first saw this description of the plan. Remember, to the sender of the *first correct answer* to the questions proposed the piano will be sent. The second correct answer will take the organ, the third one of those beautiful solid gold watches, and so on until all the three hundred and forty-seven rewards are disposed of. Then come the

MIDDLE REWARDS.

1	Gentleman's solid gold stem winding and setting box cases Elgin Watch	$110 00
2	Beautiful Triple Silver-plated Tea sets	200 00
1	Lady's Solid Gold Watch	100 00
3	Wanzer Sewing Machines	120 00
5	Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	125 00
3	Open Face Solid Coin Silver Watches	60 00
13	Solid Nickel Silver Hunting-case Watches	247 00
17	Solid Nickel, heavy bevelled Crystal Watches	306 00
15	Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting-case Watches	225 00
21	Half-dozen sets triple-plated tea spoons	147 00
9	Celebrated Waterbury Watches	45 00
39	Copies beautifully bound Tennyson's poems	98 58
27	Triple silver-plated Butter Knives	27 00

The number one in these rewards will be given to the sender of the *middle* correct answer of the whole competition, from first to last, and the senders of the next *one hundred and fifty-four* correct answers following the middle one, will be awarded the remaining prizes.

And the last comers are not to be overlooked, as there is a long list offered of

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

1	Gentleman's Solid Gold Hunting-case (beautifully engraved), Elgin Watch	$110 00
1	Lady's Solid Gold Hunting-case Watch	100 00
3	Elegant Triple Silver-plated Tea Service	100 00
3	Double-barrelled Breech-loading Shot Gun, pistol grip, rebounding locks, all latest improvements, from Charles Stark's Great Gun House, Toronto	300 00
9	Double-barrelled Breech-loading guns, not so highly finished	810 00
4	Fine Silk Dress patterns	200 00
5	Fine Black Cashmere dress patterns	150 00
21	Elegant new Sateen print dresses	315 00
16	Triple silver-plated Cruet-stands	120 00
31	Half-dozen gentleman's best linen pocket handkerchiefs	155 00
29	Half-dozen Ladies' fancy-bordered pocket handkerchiefs	145 00

Making in all over SIX HUNDRED of the most costly and beautiful premium rewards ever offered by any publisher in the world.

The sender of the last correct answer will get number one reward, the gold watch. The next to the last, number two reward and so on, till the whole of these last or consolation rewards are given out. Don't overlook the fact that the letters must all be postmarked at office where mailed, not later than the closing day of this competition, which is May 27th. The farther you live away from Toronto the better your chances are for any of these consolation rewards. It will therefore not be possible to announce the successful ones, in these consolation rewards, till thirteen days after the close of the competition, so as to give letters, even from the most remote points, time to reach TRUTH office. The full list of the prize winners in the first and middle competitions, will appear in TRUTH of 30th May. Mail office address, street and number, when in the city, will be given of all the prize winners in order that all may be satisfied as to the genuineness of the whole affair.

The interest now taken in these Bible competitions is somewhat keener than at first. It is the aim of the proprietor of TRUTH to increase the study of the good old Book, somewhat out of fashion nowadays, and we are certain that he is accomplishing what he set out to do. We wish TRUTH a still greater measure of success than it has even yet enjoyed. It is one of the brightest and best weekly magazines that come to our sanctum. Every issue consists of 28 pages of the choicest reading matter, and contains something to interest every member of the family. The music, the fashions, the household, the health, temperance, farmers', young folks', and ladies' departments, the stories, short and serial, the Bible enigmas propounded every week (and prizes of value for each offered), the short, sharp, pointed editorial articles on current events, make TRUTH altogether one of the best investments that can be made for a six months' or a year's subscription. Address S. FRANK WILSON, 33 and 35 Adelaide-street, Toronto, Canada, and don't delay after reading this, but send in the answers and dollar at once; and whether you get a prize or not you will be well pleased with your investment. You will certainly get a reward if your answers are correct and they arrive in time.

Says an advertising agent, "You might as well attempt to shampoo an elephant with a thimbleful of soap suds as attempt to do business and ignore advertising."

It is said that at learning to swim women are quicker than men. This is probably because the custom of wearing trains has taught them to kick out gracefully.

Tottie—"So glad, dear, you are engaged to Lord Softenuff." Maudie (sighing)—"Yes; but the worst of it is he's so fond of me there's no chance of a breach of promise!"

Could it be believed that a child should be forced to learn the rudiments of a language that he is never to use, and neglect the writing a good hand casting accounts.

THE CHILDREN'S STORY.

OTHO.

Otho was in a bad situation. True, Otho was but a dog,— a shaggy milk-white Esquimo dog, his sharp eyes nearly hidden in curly hair, and his little tail so curled and so covered with long hair as to be out of sight.

Born far away in the North, amid the fogs and ice of Labrador, he had first voyaged southward in a "sealer," then travelled westward as far as Kansas in the character of a "wonderful performing dog." He would bound over chairs and run up ladders with remarkable rapidity; and as a "speaker," his voice at once commanded admiring attention.

But fate, in the shape of a carelessly-placed show-chest, had fallen heavily upon Otho, and broke one of his legs. Then his showman master, thinking that the care and cost of nursing him would not be repaid by any future service of the dog as a public performer, had quietly opened a back window and dropped Otho into the cold world, to get a living on three legs, or to die, according to his luck or his pluck.

And so thus it happened that the white, curly and ill-used Otho found himself a limper, and probably a cripple for life, in a back lane of Ottawa, Kansas. It was a black day in Otho's hitherto rather jolly life.

Towards evening, he dragged his painful limb down the lane and out to a corner of the main street.

"O papa! papa! On'y thee 'at pitty white doggy! Poo' itty fellow, he tan't go!' 'Top, papa, 'top an' 'et me poor him!"

It was Minnie—little three-year-old Minnie Wistarside sitting beside her father on the seat of their wagon: Mr. John Wistarside, a great, plain, kind-hearted young farmer, and Minnie, his little daughter and pet. They had driven into town from their farm that afternoon.

Papa John stopped the wagon to please Minnie, and then his own kind heart gave a throb at sight of poor Otho's condition.

"Oh, 'et's we tarry him home," pleaded Minnie; and John, after some little hesitation, put Otho in the wagon at Minnie's fest and drove homeward.

Wife Mary's natural resentment at being compelled to receive an invalid dog into her household was in part disarmed by Otho's white, curly wealth of hair, and by Minnie's pitying fondness for him. So Otho was nursed and cared for. His leg was set and "splintered up" by John, and in a month he was frisking on it, and become the joy, the delight and the romping companion of fast-growing, golden-curled little Minnie.

But he was no longer Otho. Of course he could not tell his name, however badly he may have missed it; and Minnie took the grave responsibility of giving him another. To her *Pinky* and *Pink* were the prettiest names she could think of. So Otho became "Pinky," and after a day or two he liked the new name as well as the old one. Like Minnie, he neither knew nor cared a straw for ancient history.

But, though contented with the quiet life he now led at the prairie farm, Pink never forgot his circus accomplishments. He would often mount the pony, and, turning a somerset in the air, alight on his feet upon the animals back with perfect ease. Sometimes, too, he accompanied John to town. There if he saw a ladder leading to the top of some high building, he would ascend it, and seating himself upon the topmost rung, would wave his forward paws in apparent expectation of the applause that once greeted his performances.

He was extremely fond of sweetmeats, and while other dogs seemed generally to prefer meat, Pink would perform almost any trick he had ever been taught for a slice of cake or a bit of candy.

Two years passed. They were prosperous years with John and Mary Wistarside, who had built and moved into a new frame house, situated on a road near half a mile from the old "dug-out" in the creek-bank, where they had made their first humble homestead on their large and now profitable farm. The old earth-house had been abandoned, though not filled up. For a year or more not even John himself had been to it, and Minnie had almost forgotten it.

On the day of my story John was at work at the farther side of his farm. On coming home to dinner, he remarked to Mary that the air seemed very "muggy," and that if it were not so late in the season, he should fear a cyclone. An hour later he went back to his labor. Minnie and Pink were out together, too; and Mary, as usual, became busied with her household cares.

An hour or two later, the industrious housewife having finished her work, was dressing for a pleasant evening hour with John, Minnie and Pink, enlivened, possibly, by a call from their neighbors, or by a ride around the broad green farm, when she noticed that the room had grown suddenly dark. The air, too, had all at once become strangely heavy and close. What John had said at noon came into her mind. She ran to the door; and there a singular, and even to those who are accustomed to the tempest-phenomena of the West, an appalling spectacle met her eye.

A lurid gloom was in the sky. At the same time a frightful roar broke upon her ears; and up in the northwest she saw what nearly froze her heart with terror and anxiety.

A vast, balloon-shaped pillar of what at one moment looked like black vapor and the next instant seemed like illuminated dust, glittering against the dark sky behind it, was rushing down across the country—coming directly towards the farm and the house in which Mary stood. The ragged edges of the cloud about it sparkled as if with flame.

Onward it came, a messenger of death and destruction, with steadily increasing roar. At the base of it, where this stormy apparation touched the earth, a fiery, lambent "foot" seemed to play to and fro; and wherever this ghastly *foot* touched, houses, trees, straw-ricks, barns, everything disappeared on the instant.

As it drew nearer in its destructive course, Mary saw that all around it and high in the sky about it, the air was filled with branches of trees, boards, and fragments of whatever had been in its path.

For an instant she gazed, fascinated by her fear and the awful grandeur of the sight. Then, recalling John's frequent instructions what to do in such emergencies, she ran into the cellar.

Scarcely had her foot left the last stair, when, with a roar and a deafening crash, the house above her was lifted, whirled around and swept away. Timbers, bricks and underpinning-stones fell into the cellar; and a torrent of rain, mingled with hail, dirt, straw and leaves, half-buried poor Mary where she crouched and clung in a corner.

But the cyclone passed as quickly as it had come. In three minutes it was over; and then Mary Wistarside, in an agony of terror,—for her loved ones, not for herself, for she was safe and unhurt,—crying aloud to God to protect them, hurriedly climbed up the broken stairs and set off in search of John and Minnie.

What a spectacle was that which met her eye when she looked over the prairie! The house gone, and every outbuilding, even the fences and garden-trees demolished and swept away. Of the eight cows in an adjoining pasture, only one remained, and that one lay maimed and groaning with pain. It seemed to the poor woman that every living creature save herself had been killed, and that she alone was on earth.

Hardly knowing which way to look, she started towards where John had been at work, hoping that Minnie was with him, and that the storm had been less severe on that part of the farm. She had gone about half a mile, when she saw her husband coming towards her; but he was alone.

When Mary told him that Minnie had gone out after dinner and had not returned, a shiver passed through his frame. For a moment Mary thought he would faint; but he regained his strength, and then, nearly wild with grief, they both began searching for their lost child.

Their nearest neighbors lived nearly a mile away. To them they hastened for aid; but found these people even more afflicted than themselves; two of the family had been killed by the tornado.

Till ten o'clock or later in the evening they searched, but in vain: they found only the rubbish scattered in the track of the cyclone, and the dead bodies of cattle.

At last, worn out with fatigue and suffering, Mary could go on no longer; and they bent their steps to their old "dug-out" house in the creek-bank—the only place remaining to them where they could hope to find shelter.

The rude door stood ajar, and as John mechanically pushed it open and looked into the gloom within, a sound sweeter to him and Mary than celestial music—Pink's gruff little bark—came to their ears.

And then as their hearts bounded with a new hope, they saw the white, shaggy little Esquimo dog stalking suspiciously forward in the darkness, and heard a half-alarmed small voice asking, doubtfully, "Is that you, mamma?"

It was Minnie! and need one try to describe the happiness of John and Mary Wistarside? What to them now were houses and cattle lost! Here was Minnie, for whom their hearts were breaking, safe and sound in the old "dug-out"!

And Pink! What had Pink to do with it, does the reader ask?

A great deal, as nearly as Minnie could explain. The two had wanderrd away to the creek, when, seeing the sky so black and hearing such a dreadful roaring, Minnie was frightened and started to run for home. But Pink caught her dress in his mouth and fairly pulled her along to the door of the old dug-out, into which, as the awful roaring grew louder, they both ran to escape the cyclone.

So our story goes once more to prove, what some know already, that a kind act, even a trifling one like John Wistarside's to poor Pink, is rarely lost in the world, but often returns a hundred-fold more than is given.—*Youth's Companion.*

HANDSOME GOWNS AND WRAPS.

One of the most exquisite dresses of the season, says the *Philadelphia Times*, was designed by a rich artist for his beautiful wife, and his poetical conception was created under the guidance of the lady herself who, being able to pay well for work, makes the giving of renumerative employment one form of her judicious charity and declares it is a luxury of married life of which she only dreamed in her maiden home.

The dress is of fiery crimson, and over this is a robe of clear white net, worked in a pattern drawn from a frosted window pane, with long, fine, branching curves, breaking into a filagree of infinite interlacements at the ends of sweeping masses of frost form, filling up the intersects with an intricate guipure. This design alternates round the skirt with one more intricate and elegant adapted from the palm trees, also seen on frozen windows. The whole is so skillfully blended as to make it, in its style, a work of the highest art, pronunced by the artist "a travesty of the crimson sun glowing in morning glory through the air to our inner world of home."

Another peculiar costume shows a skirt of whits satin, richly trimmed with gold braid, gauze fringe, and sequins; polonaise of cream cloth, embroidered in gold, caught up with bunches of golden lilies, ferns and daisies; bodice turned back with gold lace; hair powered with gold dust and ornamented with a spray of golden flowers; gold-colored stockings and gold embroidered shoes.

A striking Oriental dress worn by a brilliant brunette, has skirt and front of ruby satin, trimmed with gold and colored Egyptian embroidery, ornamented with coins, the bodice of pale blue satin, trimmed with embroidery to match. A scarf of black and amber satin, with scarf of ruby satin embroidered, passed from the left shoulder to the waist, and were there secured by an antiqne gold ornament. A handsome dress is of black tulle, trimmed with bouquets of Neapolitan violets and maiden hair, and a charming dress for a blonde is in blue gauze, delicately embroidered in silver frost-work.

A dress of cream satin and tulle is literally sprinkled over with butterflies and dragonflies. One of satin and tulle is powdered with but tercups and trimmed here and there with knots of amber satin ribbon, while a dress of white is finished with bunches of white ostrich plumes.

For a young lady a dress of tulle has the skirt made ballet style, with large gold drops on the skirt and a gold broche bodice trimmed with the same. Dark blue velvet and tulle forms a magnificent dress and is worn with handsome diamond ornaments, while still another in dark green is looped with emerald stars. Natural flowers are used to trim the dresses of tulle and other light fabrics, but they are very expensive and wither so soon that ribbons and flowers are preferable.

A model wrap for spring wear of pine-green ladies' cloth, is quite tight fitting; the front is trimmed with a triangular plastron, edged with silk cord and fastened on each side with diamond-shaped passementerie buttons. The same silk; cord describes deep round basques over the fronts, below which trimming the fronts remain open over the dress; over the basques are placed two deep round pockets trimmed with cords and tassels, coat sleeves with facings trimmed to match; a plaited width is added at the back to give the fullness required. This redingote comes down almost to the edge of the dress, but if desirable it can be cut short from the basque, and will then form a pretty jacket. Many young ladies wear the long wraps, but others fancy coats and jackets, which are equally fashionable. Some jackets are simply closed with buttons and button-holes, while others are braided, embroidered, or trimmed with silk cord. Cloth bodices are still popular, and can be worn with any dress. Sometimes they have a plaited plastron, either of the same material or of that of the skirt.

The condemnation given from the Judgment Throne—most solemnly described—is for all the "undones" and not the "done." People are perpetually afraid of doing wrong; but unless they are doing its reverse energetically, they do it all day long, and the degree does not matter.

We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither to be done by halves and shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

The changes of fashion as to women are by no manner of means confined to their clothes, writes Clara Belle from New York. They change their manners about as often as they do the styles of their gowns. I need only to recapitulate a little in order to convince you of this. Look with me into the past. The gushing girl has gone; so has the romantic girl, the blue girl, the vivacious girl, and the appealing girl. The girl of to-day is staight, square-shouldered and quick. She plays tennis, rides often and fearlessly, can pull a boat and swim and dance for six hours without rest. It was merely a matter of fashion. A few years ago the gushing girl had a period of glorious popularity. For a time nothing but gush was expected, and gush came in overwhelming quantities. The ideal gusher was a blonde, with big eyes, frizzled hair, vivacious manners, and a habit of twisting her hands at every sentence and rolling up her eyes for a period. Everything was "perfekly lovely," from a lobster salad to a new cook. The world was apparently filled with sunshine and joy. It was said that the girl ate vast quantities of pickles on the sly to counteract the effect of too much sweetness and light in public. The gusher gave way in times to the romantic girl, who read Waverly and raved over the more descriptive poets. She was occasionally lean, and sometimes lank, and she cultivated a dreamy expression of the eyes. In time she became a dyspeptic.

The transition from the state of romance into that of culture was easy. Girls from doing nothing but reading romances and morbid poetry had a violent reaction, and became blue as indigo. It was, of course, in Boston that this type flourished most beautifully. Women devoted all their energies to books, and in a very short time acquired no end of text-book knowledge. The result was that they were enabled to crow over the men, who are notoriously apt to forget everything that they learn from books. The blue girl was the most unsuccessful girl of them all. If a man has one right in the world it is the right to feel superior to woman; and the sensations of an average men when he meets a blue girl are those of humiliation and unhappiness. It is astonishing how much certain of these blue girls know, by the way. When the blue girl went out the vivacious girl came in. The vivacious girl succumbed to fatigue. The awful wear and tear subsequent to artificial and incessant vivacity would make a spook of the average girl in the course of a few years. Anything more thoroughly wearisome than the vivacity of the girl who has been vivacious steadily for several years would be difficult to imagine. It is like a skeleton trembling from spasmodic recurrent shocks of electricity.

The vivacious girl usually expressed surprize at everything. She was always ready to dance. Her conversation was an intermittent series of injections and explosions, and she bounced around in a way that actually wearied one. In the end the vivacious girl had to give it up. She turned into the appealing girl. This was probably the result of reaction. Taking her all in all the appealing girl is about as gratifying a one as can be found. She has no opinions, and she looks up to men, even if they are of smaller stature than herself, with large-eyed and child-like inquiry. She never for a moment presumes to take the initiative in anything, but plays the part of a submissive and admiring audience to the man who may for the moment be engaging her attention. The effect of this upon the man is gratifying. He grows. As he continues to talk to the appealing girl, while she continues to defer to his better judgment and to ask humbly for explanation of things of which she knows ten thousand times more than the man, he gradually enlarges until he arrives at such a point that on his departure he feels that he is a being worth loving, respecting, and admiring. Take it all in all, I imagine that the appealing girl will get most of the plums of this life. Men can't bear a woman who obtrudes her superiority over him. The appealing girl is still in the ring. But she is daily growing less numerous. The girls are now suffering from the athletic craze. No one knows exactly what has brought this about, but it is quite likely to be due to the adoption of the English fashions and the aping of the English which has so long distinguished fashionable New Yorkers. As is invariably the case with New Yorkers, they overdo the thing. The most athletic of athletic young English women are not half so far gone as the majority of New York girls. The effect of the thing as seen in the streets is that the girls carry their shoulders very far back, their chins very high, wear heavy-soled boots, and walk with a masculine stride. She usually carries an umbrella, swings it man-fashion and talks in a confused sort of jargon in which the broad sound of "a" is very prominent. She is direct, masculine and forcible. She sees a beautiful horse, and she neither gushes over it, calls it a beauty, nor becomes affectionate. She decides that it is a "very proper sort of a horse," looks at it with entire commendation and pats its neck briskly and vigorously. She tries to be candid and is not unfrequently rude. She is healthy and jolly.

GEMS FROM RUSKIN.

You keep the Sabbath in imitation of God's rest. Do, by all manner of means, if you like; and keep also the rest of the week in imitation of God's work.

It may be proved with much certainty that God intends no man to live in this world without working; but it seems to me no less evident that he intends every man to be happy in his work.

It is no man's business whether he has genius or not; work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and enforced results of such work will be always the things that God meant him to do, and will be his best.

Neither days nor lives can be made noble or holy by doing nothing in them. * * * The best prayer at the beginning of a day is that we may not lose its moments; and the best grace before meat, the consciousness that we have justly earned our dinner.

Such help as we can give to each other in this world is a debt to each other; and the man who perceives a superiority or capacity in a subordinate, and neither confesses nor assists it, is not merely the witholder of kindness, but the committer of injury.

No book is worth anything which is not worth *much*; nor is it servicaable until it has been read, and re-read, and loved, and loved, and loved again; and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory.

A man's labor, well applied, is always amply sufficient to provide him during his life with all things needful to him, and not only with those, but with many pleasant objects of luxury, and yet, further, to procure him large intervals of healthy and serviceable leisure.

There is no wealth but life. Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; and that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possesions over the lives of others.

FAMILY MATTERS.

Boil eggs hard, slice them when cold, and dip each slice in raw egg and afterward in bread crumbs; fry in butter and serve hot.

If cayenne pepper is sprinkled plentifully in the resorts of rats, they will retire from the premises.

A very palatable dish can be made of mashed potatoes and a little finely chopped meat of one or more kinds, mixed together, flavored with salt and pepper, and fried in small flat cakes.

For cream sponge cake, which is easily made, take two eggs and beat in a cup and fill with cream, add one teacupful of sugar, and one and a half of flour, and one spoonful of baking powder and pinch of salt.

Oatmeal is excellent for the skin. Soak a cupful in a little water for three or four hours. Apply to the face and hands before retiring and do not rub off. Dry oatmeal rubbed on the skin after a bath is also very beneficial.

A handsome ottoman may be made of an old soap box. Pad the box with old pieces of carpet or cotton, taking care to have it smooth and firm. Then cover with an old broach shawl, or a dark red merino dress, an old red rep curtain redyed, or any similar material. Chintz will also prove a pretty covering.

The best way to clean mirrors, the glass of pictures, &c., is to take a clean sponge, wash it well in clean water. and squeeze it as dry as possible; dip in some spirits of wine, and rub over the glass; then have some powdered blue tied up in a rag, dust it over your glass and rub it lightly and quickly with a soft cloth; afterward finish with silk handkerchief.

A little cider if added to buckwheat batter will make the cakes brown nicely and help to form a sort of crust on the outside, If you have no cider, pour a little hot water over some apple peelings and let it stand for an hour.

Starch which will not stick in white patches on your dark cambric dress, is made thus: Take the very best fine starch you can get, mix in the proportion of two tablespoonsful to as little water as will make a smoooth paste, and to this add a pint of clear coffee; let it boil for ten minutes. Stir it with a sperm candle, strain it through a piece of muslin, and it is ready for use.

To cure frost bites, rub the afflicted parts with pure oil of peppermint. It will also prevent the after effect of chilblains. Care should be taken to use only the pure oil, and not the essence of peppermint, as the essence will not have the desired effect.

Laying hens thrive with much sunshine and plenty of food, both green and dry, with a full supply of pure water, and some form of lime.

Prof. Sanborn, of the Missouri Agricultural College, claims to have proven by long practice that corn fodder has a practical feeding value of two-thirds to three quarters that of good hay.

The spruce trees on the Green Mountains of Vermont have been attacked by some mysterious disease, which is destroying them and causing no little uneasiness among the owners of timber land.

Frozen roots, or, indeed, frozen food of any kind, is very pernicious to swine and all other stock, as it disturbs their digestion and renders the other food taken into the stomach less nutritious. Ice is a poor diet on which to fatten animals.

Do not wait until you begin work in the spring to feed your horses. Do not starve them all winter and then expect a week or two of extra feeding to bring them up to the working point. Begin now. Keep them in regular health. They will enjoy the food now and assimilate it.

English farmers have learned that high hilling of potatoes so soon as the blight appears on the leaf is a preventive of the rot. The theory is that the rot is washed downwards by the rains which carry the fungus spores to the tubers. This idea is confirmed by the fact that rot is most prevalent in very wet seasons.

HIGH HEELS.

Since the high heel made its appearance, medical men have more than once borne witness to its bad effects. The late Mr. Hilton condemned it. Others have done the same. Of late years public opinion has done away with certain of the long established extravagances of dress, and has given rise to methods more agreeable to the symmetrical development of the body. We hope that in the process of reform the feet, in which too often vanity pays a price which is dangerously expensive, will not escape notice. The evils of the high heeled boot or shoe are due to the fact that it is an essentially badly fitting article. It is made in defiance of the relation which it ought to bear to the anatomy of the foot, and to the direction in which the pressure of the body weight falls upon the latter. Hence the peculiarly cramped walk of ladies of the present day. Any one may observe the consequence of the "advanced position," nearly under the instep, and the increased height of heel in the substitution of a forward inclination of the body, and a trip suggestive in a measure of the stumbling gait, for the upright carriage and the free and graceful swinging movement natural to the leg in walking. These matters as far as they are merely relative to deportment do not strictly concern us, but there are attendant circumstances which deserve comment. The boot or shoe, in order that it may not shift on the foot, which has lost much of its usual purchase of direct downward pressure, must hold it firmly and even tightly, and in particular it is necessarily constructed so as to hold with undue firmness just above the back of the heel. With some persons no inconvenience results, with others, who have fine skins, chafing is readily produced. This is in itself a trifle, and is presumably altogether too inconsiderate to effect the will of fashion, but it may nevertheless be the slight beginning of graver troubles. Probably there is no practitioner fairly long acquainted with town practice who cannot recall a case or cases in which extensive inflammation of the leg with abcess formation has followed such a slight abrasion, and the exciting cause, when looked for, was discovered in the patient's shoe. There have even been instances, fortunately rare, but still occasional, where abscesses arising round some neglected trifle of this kind have ended fatally. These are facts which cannot be denied and should not be overlooked; but even if they could, is there any woman with a mind of her own who will say that the dainty step so much desired by some, bought as it is at the cost of healthy muscular exercise, is not overvalued? We rather hope that the honest feeling and the sound judgment which have guided that sex in many better purposes will ultimately overcome the false sentiment which now leads certain of its members to support an unbecoming and injurious custom.—*Lancet.*

It is a remarkable fact that however well young ladies may be versed in grammer, very few are able to decline matrimony.

The gentleman hunting for widows is referred to the pension office, where the names and address of thousands are kept.

"My, how your daughter has grown!" said a lady visitor to Mrs. Jones, "Yes," at this moment chipped saucy brother Bob, "Mother's switch will soon fit sister."

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NEW SPRING MILLINERY.

We beg to call the attention of the Ladies of Toronto and the surrounding country to our Magnificent Stock of New Spring and Summer Millinery now on Exhibition in our Handsome Show Rooms.

We are this season making a Greater Display of Trimmed Millinery than usual, and are also showing a Splendid Stock of Rich Silk and Satin Brocade and Cloth Mantles, Fichus, Shoulder Capes, &c., and a number of Handsome Costumes in Silks, Satins, and Cashmeres.

We, therefore, respectfully invite the Ladies of Toronto and the surrounding country, to visit our Stores, and we will be pleased, (whether purchasing or not), to show them through our Immense Establishment.

N.B.—All Street Cars pass our Stores, ask the conductor to let you off at PETLEY'S.

PETLEY & PETLEY

128 to 132 King St. East, Toronto.

GRAND OPENING

—OF—

NEW SPRING GOODS

—AT—

PETLEYS' !

We are now showing an immense variety of New Spring Goods in all departments.

New Silks, New Satins, New Brocades, New Velvets, New Velveteens, New Dress Goods, New Cashmeres, New Prints, New Cretonnes, New Cottons, New Sheetings, New Pillow-Cottons, New Table Linens, New Table Napkins, New Towels, New Lace Curtains, New Hosiery, New Gloves, New Laces, New Ribbons, New Corsets. New Frillings, New Embroideries, New Dress Trimmings, New Fancy Goods of every description.

We would also call Special Attention to our Magnificent Stock of New Brussels, Wilton, Aubusson and Tapestry Carpets, Mats, Rugs, &c.

Intending buyers will do well to inspect our Immense Stock before making their Spring Purchases, and should also bear in mind that our Stores are the Handsomest and Best Lighted in Canada, and our stock is all new and choice and purchased direct from the manufacturers in the best home and foreign markets.

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